



Capt. C. W. Elwell.
with kind regards of E. L. Cushing

Roxbury Centennial.

A N A C C O U N T

OF THE

CELEBRATION IN ROXBURY,

NOVEMBER 22, 1876.

WITH THE

ORATION OF GEN. HORACE BINNEY SARGENT,
SPEECHES AT THE DINNER
AND OTHER MATTERS.



BOSTON:
PRESS OF ROCKWELL AND CHURCHILL,
NO. 39 ARCH STREET.
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INTRODUCTORY.

Every native of that part of Boston within the limits of the old town of Roxbury cherishes with patriotic pride the historic traditions which cluster about its pleasant hills and valleys: and since the blotting of its name from the list of municipalities of the State,—consequent upon the annexation of this district to Boston,—very general regret has been expressed that no connected history of the town in the Revolution had been published. To Gen. John L. Swift is due the honor of recently calling public attention to this hiatus in the printed local records of the Revolution. A sentiment uttered by him in an oration at the dedication of Kennedy Hall, in 1874, proved to be the mainspring of a movement which culminated in the celebration hereinafter recorded. Alluding to the incompleteness of the written history of Roxbury, Gen. Swift suggested that the history of the town, in connection with the opening events of the Revolution, would justify the locality in selecting one day of the Centennial year for a commemorative celebration, and the delivery of an historical address.

The sentiment was loudly cheered at the time of its utterance, but no action was taken to carry out the idea. Indeed, it was forgotten by the general public, and the Centennial year had almost passed into history before it was recalled in a public manner; and then by a mere accident. On October 9th, 1876, a committee from the Roxbury City Guard met a committee from the Association of its past members — the Roxbury Artillery Association — to decide how the two organizations should observe their annual fall parade. It proved to be difficult to suggest a programme upon which all could agree, and there was some delay. At length Capt. Wm. H. Hutchinson, a private in the Guard, recalled the suggestion of Gen. Swift, and proposed that the old Norfolk Guards be invited

to join in the parade. He thought that the two corps, representing the oldest military organizations of Roxbury, could arrange a programme that would be acceptable to the citizens, and appropriately carry out the idea suggested by Gen. Swift. A week was taken to consult with past members of both the veteran companies, and the committee voted to invite the Norfolk Guards to co-operate, by the appointment of a committee, which was accepted. The committee of arrangements, as thus constituted, was composed as follows:—

FROM THE ROXBURY CITY GUARD.

Capt. B. Read Wales.	1st Lieut. Wm. H. Hawley.
2d Lieut. James R. Austin.	Lieut. S. Wm. Dewey (Co. Staff).
Sergt. Isaac P. Gragg (Past Com.).	Corp. Darius F. Eddy.
Private F. C. Brownell.	Private Wm. H. Hutchinson.
	Private Charles E. Osgood.

FROM THE ROXBURY ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION.

1st Lt. Com. J. P. Jordan (Past Com.).	Sr. 2d Lieut. Edwin R. Jenness.
Jr. 2d Lieut. James H. Nugent.	Gen. Isaac S. Burrell.
Capt. John A. Scott.	Capt. Henry A. Thomas.
Lient. Wm. H. McIntosh.	Sergt. Wm. H. Emery.
	Sergt. Henry M. Jacobs.

FROM THE NORFOLK GUARDS.

Capt. James Guild (Past Com.).	Joseph W. Tucker.
John Dove.	J. Herman Curtis.
John F. Newton.	Geo. W. Pierce.
Jonas Fillebrown.	Geo. B. Davis.
	R. H. Wiswall.

Various sub-committees were appointed to arrange the several parts of the programme, and the date of the celebration was first fixed for November 15th. Hon. William Gaston, ex-Governor of the Commonwealth and a former Mayor of Roxbury, consented to deliver an historical oration, and the Standing Committee of the First Religious Society, Rev. George Putnam, D. D., pastor, voted

to allow the church to be used for that purpose. Mr. Samuel F. Williams, leader of the Winthrop-street Methodist Church choir, volunteered to furnish a choir, and Mr. T. M. Carter, leader of Carter's Band, became responsible for the organization of an old-fashioned bugle-band for the procession. Invitations were sent to the following-named organizations to participate in the procession : Encampment Thomas G. Stevenson Post 26, G. A. R.; Roxbury Horse Guards; Past Members of the Reserve Guard; Encampments and Lodges of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Knights of Honor; and the Battalions of the Roxbury High and Latin Schools. General Isaac S. Burrell was chosen Chief Marshal of the Day, and he designated an efficient corps of Aids.

An unexpected delay in the arrangements was caused by a fatal accident to the father-in-law of Hon. William Gaston, who was compelled to decline to deliver the oration. General Horace Binney Sargent, of Salem, a former resident of Roxbury, reluctantly consented to prepare an oration during the brief time allowed, and mainly to accommodate him the celebration was fixed one week later, viz., Nov. 22. When the arrangements had thus far been completed, a sub-committee was authorized to publish in the two local papers—the “Home Journal” and the “Roxbury City Gazette”—and to mail two hundred postal-card copies of the following circular :—

1776.

1876.

OLD ROXBURY

AND THE

CENTENNIAL YEAR!**To the Citizens of the Town of Roxbury:**

It being deemed eminently appropriate that the **Centennial Year** should be observed in Roxbury, owing to the prominent part taken by its citizens in the events of ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, the undersigned have been delegated a sub-committee to announce to our fellow-citizens, that a committee of the **Roxbury Artillery** and **City Guard**, together with the **Past Members** of the **Norfolk Guard**, have decided to inaugurate a

ROXBURY CENTENNIAL DAY,

TO BE OBSERVED ON

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22d,

And to invite all persons interested to give the occasion their countenance and support.

As far as arranged, the programme for the day will include a **Military Procession**, an **Oration** by **GEN. HORACE BINNEY SARGENT**, at the Church edifice of the first Religious Society (Dr. Putnam's), and a

NEW ENGLAND DINNER

At some suitable Hall, to be hereafter announced.

An Old-Time Bugle Band

Will accompany the procession, and the **Winthrop Street** (Methodist) **Old Folks Choir** have volunteered to sing at the church.

Other organizations will be invited to appear in the procession, and it is hoped the occasion may be observed as a **HALF HOLIDAY**.

The Committee desire to dispose of a large number of DINNER TICKETS, and have that part of the programme partake of the nature of a

GRAND RE-UNION

OF

OLD ROXBURY CITIZENS.

Further details will be perfected as early as possible.

CAPT. B. READ WALES, } Roxbury City Guard.
LIEUT. W. H. LAWLEY, }

CAPT. J. P. JORDAN, } Roxbury Artillery Association.
GEN. L. S. BURRILL, }

JOS. W. TICKER, } Norfolk Guard.
JNO. F. NEWTON, }

For two days preceding the 22d day of November a severe rain-storm prevailed, and it was hoped that the third day would be pleasant. This did not prove to be the case. The morning of "Roxbury Day" was cloudy, foggy overhead and muddy underfoot, with occasional thick mists. By noon there was a favorable change, and, although the clouds obscured the sun, no rain fell during the out-door exercises. The programme was fully carried out as previously arranged.

The Roxbury City Guard and the Roxbury Artillery Association met at their armory in Webster Hall; the Norfolk Guards, the Grand Army Post and the Reserved Guard met at Dudley Hall; and the Knights of Pythias assembled at their hall at noon.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession was formed at half-past one o'clock, P. M., on Washington street, with the right resting near the site of the old fortifications at the corner of Williams street, in the following order:—

PLATOON OF POLICE, under Capt. Joseph Hastings, of Station 9.

VETERANS OF THE OLD NIGHT WATCH OF ROXBURY.—William D. Cook, Solomon Sanborn, Manly D. Butler, George R. Matthews, Morrill P. Berry, Samuel McIntosh, Canberry Litchfield, Silas Dole, J. M. Swett.

MARSHALS.—General Isaac S. Burrell, chief; Major George Curtis, Capt. John A. Scott, Capt. Isaac P. Gragg, and L. Foster Morse, Esqs., Aids.

CARTER'S CENTENNIAL BAND.—T. M. Carter, leader; composed of a portion of the regular Carter's Band, with Joseph Green, of Providence, E. H. Weston, Alonzo Bond, George Kinsley, and John Ballard, veteran musicians.

ROXBURY CITY GUARD.—Capt. B. Read Wales, with honorary staff, consisting of Lieut.-Col. Nathaniel Wales, Major William A. Smith, Adj't H. B. Parker, Quartermaster Wm. H. Jones, of the staff of the First Battalion of Infantry, M. V. M.; the company staff consisting of Past Commander Charles G. Davis, Lieuts. F. J. Ward, C. B. Rohan and A. W. Hersey, and Dr. G. T. Perkins;—fifty rifles in line. The company wore the gray regimental uniform, bearskin hats, and white cross-belts. The color-guard wore the Artillery Company uniform of gray, trimmed with scarlet, and gray shako.

ROXBURY ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION. — 1st Lieut. J. P. Jordan, commanding; Senior 2d Lieut. Edwin R. Jenness; Junior 1st Lieut. James H. Nugent. Commander's staff, Luther W. Bixby, Adjutant; Dr. Wm. H. Emery, Surgeon; Majors W. C. Capelle and Charles A. Davis; Captains Henry A. Thomas, Joseph Knower, Edwin Adams; Lieutenants John P. Robinson, and Isaac Chase, First Battalion of Artillery, M. V. M.; Sergeants Wm. T. Macarty, John Brooks, Benj. Noyes; — sixty men in line. They were in citizen's dress, wearing slouched artillery hats, sabres and white belts. They appeared as old foot artillery, with two 12-pound brass field pieces, loaned by the First Battalion of Artillery, M. V. M., by permission of the State authorities.

NORFOLK GUARDS ASSOCIATION. — Capt. James Guilder, 1st Lieut. John H. Brookhouse, 2d Lieut. Charles M. Jordan, 1st Sergt. Jonas Fillebrown, 2d Sergt. John F. Newton, 3d Sergt. R. H. Wiswall, 4th Sergt. George B. Davis, 1st Corp. D. C. Bates, 2d Corp. Joseph Culligan, 3d Corp. Benj. F. Stone, 4th Corp. Edward Summer, and seventy men in the ranks. The officers wore swords and belts, and the privates appeared in citizen's dress, with high black hats. They were accompanied by Daniel Simpson, aged 86; Jonathan Stanley, aged 76; and Joseph B. Treat, aged 56, veteran drummers, secured for the occasion.

RESERVED GUARDS. — Col. Edward Wyman, commander; — twenty-five men.

THOMAS G. STEVENSON POST NO. 26, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. — Robert Bampton, Jr., commander; C. C. Randall, Jr., Vice Commander; James B. Gardner, Adjutant; Frank B. Perkins, Quartermaster; P. O'Meara Edson, Surgeon; Robt. G. Seymour, Chaplain; J. M. Shoemaker, Officer of the Guard; Hiram A. Wright, Sergeant Major; John L. Perkins, Q. M. Sergeant. The following Past Commanders of the Post appeared as staff: — Col. Giles H. Rich, Col. S. A. Bolster, Capt. John E. Killian; — fifty men. The members wore the regulation Grand Army hats and badges.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. — William A. Blossom, Chancellor Commander, and fifty men, wearing the regalia of the order, and preceded by Gilligan's Band.

DETACHMENTS OF THE ROXBURY SCHOOL BATTALIONS, organized for the occasion; — composed of members of the Roxbury Latin and English High Schools, fifty muskets, under command of the following officers: Major J. L. Amory; Adj't R. Long; Quartermaster N. C. Fowler; Captains W. A. Stephens, G. H. Williams; Lieuts. A. Bacon, W. A. Graham, P. Morse, G. H. L. Sharpe.

ROXBURY HORSE GUARD (on foot). — Capt. Aaron A. Hall; First Lieut. Wm. B. Fenner; — fifty men. They wore the company uniform of scarlet coats, felt helmets, with white fountain plumes.

INVITED GUESTS IN CARRIAGES.—His Excellency Alexander H. Rice, Governor of the Commonwealth; Colonels Wm. V. Hutchings and Wm. A. Tower, of the Governor's staff; General Horace Binney Sargent, Orator of the Day; Rev. John O. Means, D. D., and Rev. Henry M. King, Chaplains of the Day; Hon. John S. Sleeper, Hon. John J. Clarke, and Hon. George Lewis, former Mayors of Roxbury; Hon. William A. Simmons, Collector of the Port of Boston; His Honor Samuel C. Cobb, Mayor of Boston; Hon. John T. Clark, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen of Boston; Hon. John Q. A. Brackett, President of the Common Council of Boston; Alderman Francis Thompson, of Boston; Gen. John L. Swift, Gen. E. W. Stone, Col. William Raymond Lee, Lieut. Obed Rand, William Fenton, Esq., formerly City Messenger of Roxbury; Joseph W. Tucker, formerly Town and City Clerk of Roxbury.

THE ROUTE.

The procession moved promptly at 2 o'clock, passing up Warren street, past the birthplace of Gen. Joseph Warren (which was saluted with cheers), and through Moreland, Greenville and Dudley streets to Guild Row, and thence into Roxbury street, halting with the right in front of the church of the First Religious Society. During the march, the ears of older residents were charmed with such suggestive airs as “White Cockade,” “O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet?” “Yankee Doodle,” “Capt. Brown's March,” and “On the Road to Boston,” which Carter's Band performed with old-time vigor and modern excellence combined. Despite the unfavorable weather, there was a general suspension of business and congregating on the line of march by citizens and residents to view the procession. The veterans of the Norfolk Guards and Roxbury Artillery were the recipients of enthusiastic plaudits from every quarter.

The column halted facing the old historic sanctuary, and was reviewed by the Governor and invited guests, who at once alighted and passed into the church.

THE EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH.

The venerable building of the First Congregational Society was filled to its utmost capacity. His Excellency Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Governor of Massachusetts; the members of his staff; Hon. William Gaston, ex-Governor of the State; His Honor Samuel C. Cobb, Mayor of Boston; Hon. John T. Clark, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen; Hon. John Q. A. Brackett, President of the Common Council; Alderman Francis Thomas; Hon. William A. Simmons, Collector of the Port of Boston, occupied the seats immediately in front of the pulpit, on the left of the centre aisle. The Chief Marshal and staff were seated in chairs in the aisle, in front of the pulpit. The Roxbury Artillery Association occupied the front part of the middle tier, and behind them were the members of the Grand Army. In the next tier, on the right, were the veterans of the Norfolk Guards. The left middle tier was allotted to the Roxbury City Guard, and the next tier on the left to the Knights of Pythias, in front, and the Roxbury Horse Guards. The band and the choir were in the front gallery, and the side galleries and seats beneath were filled with citizens and their ladies. The following-named gentlemen acted as ushers: George O. Fillebrown, George E. Hall, S. Walter Wales, Henry Bliss, William H. Tredick. In front of the pulpit was a choice collection of exotics, furnished by Messrs. Calder & Wiswall.

The Hon. John J. Clarke, the first Mayor of the City of Roxbury, presided, and with him in the pulpit were

General Horace Binney Sargent, the orator of the day, and the Revs. Henry M. King and John O. Means, D. D.

The exercises began with the singing of the "Ode on Science," by the Old Folks Choir of the Winthrop-street Methodist Church, led by Mr. H. W. Bowen, and supported by Carter's Instrumental Band, T. M. Carter, leader:—

"The morning sun shines from the east,

And spreads its glories to the west;

All nations with his beams are blest

Where'er his radiant light appears.

"So Science spreads her lucid ray

O'er lands that long in darkness lay:

She visits fair Columbia,

And sets her suns among the stars.

"Fair Freedom, her attendant, waits

To bless the portals of her gates,

To crown the young and rising States

With laurels of immortal day.

"The British yoke, the Gallie chain,

Was urged upon her sons in vain;

All haughty tyrants we disdain,

And shout, 'Long live America!'"

PRAYER BY REV. HENRY M. KING.

O Thou, who art our God, as Thou wast our fathers' God, we, neighbors and fellow-citizens, are assembled on this solemn festival, in this venerable house of prayer, to acknowledge Thy goodness to us in days gone by, and humbly to implore Thy blessing for days to come. From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God, and with Thee a thousand years are but as a single day; Thou knowest neither beginning nor end of days. As we turn our thoughts backward through the period of a hundred years, they rest not upon the living, but upon the dead, upon those who did well the work of life, and were laid away in honored graves;

and we, their children and their children's children, render Thee our hearty thanks to-day, O God, for the intelligent patriotism of our fathers, for their patience, their wise building, and their self-denials, the fruits of which have been preserved to us through the fidelity and sacrifices of their successors; and as the persons, and the events, and the scenes of a hundred years shall be made to pass before our view to-day in vivid and rapid succession, we pray Thee that Thou wilt help us to gather lessons of wisdom from the teachings of the past; and may we be made to have a truer and humbler faith in God as we trace Thy hand so distinctly in our local and national history; may we be led to a higher appreciation of the great blessings which have been conferred upon us; and may we gather inspiration from these memories, that we may be the more patient in the performance of duty, and the more sensitive to all personal obligations, that we may be true to our convictions of right, and truly loyal to our country and to Thee. And we beseech Thee that Thou wilt help us to be more enlarged in our hearts, in the love of God, in the love of country, in the love of purity, and the love of home. And now we thank Thee that the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and that we have a goodly heritage. We thank Thee that Thou hast made beautiful the place of our dwelling; that Thou hast covered the rocky pasture lands of other days with many flowers; that Thou hast filled these valleys and these hills with homes which are the abodes of peace, of virtue, and of comfort. We thank Thee that Thou hast made green the graves of our loved ones, and sustained our mourning hearts with the hope of the resurrection. We thank Thee that Thou hast multiplied our schools and our churches, and that we and our children have the inestimable blessings of the Christian religion and the advantages of a good education. We thank Thee that Thou hast made piety, and integrity, and intelligence honorable in this community. We thank Thee that here Thou hast rewarded industry and enterprise, and that the labor of our hands has been blessed by Thee. Surely Thou hast not dealt with us according to our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities; for Thou hast not only given to us Jesus Christ to be our Saviour, but Thou hast also, with Him, freely given us all things. Now we pray Thy blessing to rest upon this day and its services: upon these citizens who are gathered together;

to rest upon our homes, our schools, and our churches; to rest upon the fair city of which we have become a part, and upon the honored Commonwealth under whose protection we live. And forget not, we beseech Thee, to grant peculiar grace and wisdom to those persons whom we have elected to positions of high responsibility and trust in city and state and nation. Extend Thy blessing to our whole country, we pray Thee, which Thou hast made great among the nations of the earth. We entreat Thee to deliver us from all our present agitations, and let wise and just, peaceful and righteous, counsels prevail; and God grant that everywhere the principles of righteousness and of truth may be accepted, and that the voice of the people may be heard, and recognized, and may prove to be the voice of God. Be pleased, O God, to forgive us all our sins, and to accept the service which we bring, enabling us to dedicate ourselves anew to-day to the high interests of religion and freedom. And to Thy name, Father, Son and Spirit, shall be all the praise, forever. AMEN.

The choir sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the oration was delivered.

ORATION.

BY GEN. HORACE BINNEY SARGENT

The word, antiquity, has many shades of meaning. Huxley, surveying the evidence of æons past, thrills us with his vast expression, "the momentary appearance of mankind upon the earth." In contrast with this scale of thought, the two hundred and forty-six years, since this old town began, are less than a flash of light.

But the centuries of a people are to be measured by the facts of human achievement. The twenty-two centuries of Grecian history, from Argos to Alarie, are nothing when compared with a single glacial period. But, to the historian, only fifty of those years are an Olympian Age: because they are immortal, with Herodotus, and Pericles, Thermopyle, Salamis, and Marathon.

We are the heirs of all the ages: and the two and a half centuries since the settlement of New England are venerable with toil and triumph.

If we would understand the triumph of wrenching ourselves away from England, and developing thirteen feeble colonies into a nation of forty millions, resting on the two great oceans, and stretching from the Antilles to the Arctic sea, we can never study that toil too much. Within eight hundred years England has known forty attempts at rebellion: and France has played at revolution again and again.

It is not strange that Americans should try to discover, among the embers of the past, the materials of a conflagration so intense that it melted the chains of empire. These materials are the traits of *character* and *mind* that the Puritans stamped on unborn generations. Other revolutions, generally, have been deficient in that *combination* of close logical reasoning, reverence for legal authority, intense conviction, and unflinching assertion of a right, which marks our own. Other revolutions, the result of intense heat, differ from this, as the ebullition which lifts the thin cover from a kettle differs from an earthquake, which, gathering its forces in silence for a thousand years, under a mountain's weight, suddenly changes the face of the world.

Honest pride commemorates a revolt which had so little of fury and so much of power. And we ask, why was this?

From the importance of Roxbury in the elder time, from her decisive position as a pass to be defended in the siege of Boston, and from her contributions of calm counsel and fiery valor to the revolutionary cause, she is entitled to a nation's grateful memory. Her early history is unusually replete with those personal traits, and that *intense* education, which seem to me to explain the Revolution as a success.

Rocksberry, or Rocksborough, was one of the earliest Puritan settlements. Some of its primitive inhabitants came out with Governor Winthrop, in the armed vessel *Arabella* that warped into Salem Harbor June 14, 1630.

Whether previous settlers, of the same adventure (there were seventeen ships that year), first broke the ground of

Roxbury, is not quite clear. But a month and more before Governor Winthrop arrived, the "merciless" Capt. Squeb, of the "Mary and John," left a little body of church members from Dorchester, England, "in a forlorn wilderness" at Nantasket, whence they worked their way to their original destination, then called by the Indians "Mattapan."

So far as can be learned from the Roxbury Church records, Mr. George Alecock, being joined to the church in Dorchester, was first chosen to be a Deacon, especially to the Brethren at Roxborough; and ultimately, with William Pynchon, Thomas Lamb, Thomas Rawlings, Robert Cole and William Chase, founded this first church in Roxbury in 1632. Before that time the Roxbury people were adjoined to the church in Dorchester.

Thomas Dudley, who, while the ship *Arabella* lay off Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, had been chosen Deputy Governor in place of Humphrey, resigned, narrates in a letter to the Countess of Lincoln the story of weakness and famine, in which the colony that had been sent out two years before was found. He says they were "for present shelter" obliged "to plant dispersedly," and that some planted themselves "two miles from Boston, in a place wee named Roxbury." And here he afterwards settled. A little falling out with Governor Winthrop occurred. It is a little like reading Homer's story of the contentions among the Olympian gods, to read that on this occasion, "the Deputy began to be in a passion, and told the Governour that if he would be so round, he could be round, too. The Governour bade him be round if he would. So the Deputy rose up in great fury and passion, and the Governour grew very hot

also, so as they both fell into bitterness. But by mediation of the mediators they were soon pacified."

At first it was proposed to build a fortified town on the Neck between Boston and Roxbury. But want of "running water" there, as well as at Charlestowne, then called Newtowne, prevented. For "they notioned no water good for a town but running springs."

It is remarkable, that, though at an early period Jamaica pond was used as a power for a mill to grind bread, its water, which for many years supplied the later inhabitants, did not invite an early settlement upon its shores.

July 31, 1631, Rocksberry is ordered to furnish nightly two men to the Boston Watch. And that thorn in the side of our fathers, Captain John Underhill, the same who claimed an influx of the Holy Spirit while he was indulging in "ye earthly creature called tobacco," was ordered to have a general training of his company at Boston and Rocksberry. In the old time the training-field lay between what are now Eustis street, Dudley street, and Mount Pleasant.

William Wood, in 1633, thus describes the general lay of the land: "A mile from this town" (Dorchester), which is stated to be "the greatest town in New England, well wooded and watered;" "lieth Roxbury, which is a fair and handsome country town; the inhabitants of it all being very rich. A clear and fresh brook runs through the town." This brook, then called Smelt brook, now runs through the common sewer near Washington and Dudley streets. Boston is described as "a peninsula hemmed in on the south side by the bay of Roxbury, and on the north side by Charles river, the marshes on the back side being not half a

quarter of a mile over; so that a little fencing will secure their cattle from the wolves."

Wolves were a constant dread, and one night Boston and Roxbury turned out under arms in alarm all night, because tho people of Watertown fired their muskets off to deter the wolves from approaching too near a lost calf of Sir Richard Saltonstall's.

Our fathers had too many "low country" soldiers in their company not to maintain the military arm. The church founder and Treasurer, William Pynehon, is "desired" to give a newly appointed ensigne "possession thereof!" Two barrels of powder out of Roxbury, and two "drakes" are "lent to Conecticott to fortify themselves with all."

In ~~1635~~^A all the military men of Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester, Weymouth and Hingham are ordered to form one regiment, under John Winthrop as Colonel and Thomas Dudley as Lieutenant Colonel. The first regiment was certainly very creditably provided with officers.

Two years before, Ensign Morris, from some distaste, desired to resign. Thereby he "gave offence to the congregation." "Being questioned and convinced of sin in forsaking his calling," he "did acknowledge his error." He was promoted to a lieutenancy.

We cannot be too grateful to the old Puritans that, while they trusted in God, they kept their powder dry. The military organizations that honor this occasion by their presence to-day, the old Roxbury Artillery of 1784, the Roxbury City Guard, the Norfolk Guards of 1818, the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Latin School Battalion, the Reserve Guards and Roxbury Horse Guards

of our later time, will allow me to call their attention to the fact, that in those good old times the very first and ablest and most devout men felt it a duty to accept a military command. Perhaps two of our military bodies that have disappeared, a Roxbury Horse Guard that was in existence a little while after the Revolution, and the Warren Light Infantry, trusted too little to "the covenant of works." Not a gala-day enthusiasm or skill in the gymnastics of a musket, good as they both are, make the soldier; but discipline and drill. Society, in the face of the resistant forces that abound to threaten its peace, is criminal in not supporting by vigorous regular army legislation the brave men who, in the face of obloquy or indifference, try to maintain military organizations. To-day, at least, we will recollect that with the Puritan settlers "Liberty meant Law," and Law relied on an armed force behind it. The best authority in this nation has asserted that the efficient use of a single brigade would have prevented our late civil war. And yet madness, in the garb of economy, is likely to reduce us to impotence again. A false economy may be the worst extravagance.

After the Revolution the Roxbury Artillery, now the City Guards, was formed, and John Jones Spooner, a gentleman of the best position and character, afterward a clergyman, was elected commander. This corps did good service in the disturbance known as Shay's rebellion. At the time of the Boston fire, 1872, the present organization, for thirteen days and nights, guarded the persons and property of the city against apprehended violence. Peace has its honors as well as war; and to-day this corps and its

old commander, Capt. Isaac Paul Gragg, who deserves commemoration, are attempting to rescue the old history of Roxbury from oblivion, by forming a special historical society for the old town. It is to his efforts, in large measure, that we owe this celebration, and the fact that Roxbury had any military representation at the grand anniversary of Lexington last year.

Not only did the Puritans of this old town train themselves to arms. With famine in their faces and the savage at their doors, they entered into covenant, only thirteen years after the town was settled, and pledged their houses and farms and lands to maintain "The Free Schoole in Roxburie." They lived in the age when the sentence was uttered, that to be a founder of States was chief of glories. And they knew that *education of the head and heart together* was the corner-stone of a State. It was a necessity that the descendants of such men should build a structure on that corner-stone. It is fitting that we, who have seen that "Free Schoole" become an opulent power in the United States, say a grateful word for the men of 1630, who defended this nation in the Revolution and the Rebellion, by founding it on intelligence two hundred and thirty-one years ago.

It is two hundred and eight years since Mr. John Prudden of Roxbury engaged to "instruct in all scholasticall, morall and theologicall discipline." At first, it would seem that scholars who did not bring two feet of wood, or a certain sum of money, were not to come near the fire; and afterward, the master was not to instruct such scholars. If they studied Virgil then, how they must have sniveled through

the prophetic hexameter, in which the poet laments that Mantua was so near Cremona. The verse eminently applies to Roxbury, so near to Boston in the Revolutionary war; and still later, when the seven hundred acres of Boston have swallowed the eleven thousand of Roxbury, in a way that would have given to Pharaoh a nightmare, instead of a dream.

If it were not that a most competent author, Mr. Francis G. Drake, has now a history of Roxbury in hand, there would be danger of losing a large part of the traditional history of a town which existed as a town two hundred and fifteen years, from 1631 to 1846; which then, in 1851, became a city, of which the distinguished President of the day was the first Mayor: and which was then absorbed in two parcels, in 1868 and 1874, when the part, annexed, contained near 29,000 people, by its little neighbor of Boston. A hundred years before the first annexation the whole town contained about 1,500 people.

A little attempt may be made to-night to show those dominant traits of our fathers which explain the success of the Revolution. In this attempt I have been indebted to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and have availed myself of the valuable labors of Messrs. Ellis, C. R. Dillaway, Franklin Williams, F. G. Drake and others. But a local Historical Society should be formed to gather the vanishing material around the names of Eliot and Dudley and Eustis and Shirley and Sumner and Lowell and Dearborn, the authors, the pastors, the physicians, the soldiers, the patriotic men and women of this town. The birthplace of

Warren surely deserves a Historical Society of its own. I believe the harvest is white.

It would be curious to collect evidence, that, in consequence of the presence of the Court in Boston, the Puritan sentiment of religious fervor, the intellectual habit of acute religious reasoning, and the sternness of manner that characterized the early settlers and produced traits conspicuous in the Revolution, were exhibited to a later period in Roxbury than in Boston. I think we should learn the philosophy of a conduct which seems to have as much vigor, and as little violence as was shown by any community in the Revolution.

When "morall and theologicall discipline" was the business of life, religious fervor was the prevailing tone; self-control the prevailing habit, and logical discussion of religious questions the chief amusement! The first pastor of this church was one of the sternest combatants in that controversy of opinion and logic which drove Governor Coddington, Roger Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson out of Massachusetts. We see something to-day of the excitement among clergy and laity which a discussion of physical evolution creates. But when, in an age which had no intellectual excitement but religious discussions, Mrs. Hutchinson broached the idea of a spiritual evolution, by which, through the influx of the Holy Spirit, man became an immortal creature, men drew their sharpest texts on each other and ran them into their antagonists up to the hilt. But, though logic was suffered to cut as deep as it might, the softest Christian phrase and mien prevailed. Brethren who believed, and perhaps a little hoped, that other brethren would — not be saved, — "admonished them in love." It was an age of

spiritual bull-baiting. "But it was an age of self-control." Everything was relegated to the Bible, and squared by "Moses his judicials." But no Spanish Picador was ever more delighted, when he plunged a fiery dart neatly behind the ear of a baited bull, than was the conscientious and honest Reverend Thomas Welde, when he could transfix one of Mrs. Hutchinson's texts, full of hope in the Holy Spirit, by a "cross text" of despair. "Fasts for strife and debate were held," when hungry clergymen wrestled, ostensibly, in prayer, but, really, with some other clergymen. Even little children, with squeaky voices, debated whether their parents, respectively, "stood for a covenant of grace" or "for a covenant of works." The holiest men, boiling with indignation at the heresies of their opponents, enforced on themselves the calm exterior of Quakers. Governor Winthrop, writing to some who supported Mrs. Hutchinson, says:

"Beloved Brethren, . . . I hope soon, by God's assistance, to make it appear what wrong had been done to the Court, yea, and to the truth itself, by your rash, unwarranted and seditious delinquency.

. . . Your loving Brother, J. W."

Under a guise of perfect serenity the people were seething. The excitement had some monstrous consequences upon the health of women, as the old records curiously tell. It lasted for years, and even affected the phrases and tone of generations. It must have affected the embryonic nation, and its fibre and functions.

When in the great Centennial Hall we see the central engine moving in awful silence, like a force of the universe,

we know that compression as well as heat is the source of that vast engine's power. Even the very coal, that is its food, would have passed off in powerless gases, if mountains had not overlaid the decomposing forests. In like manner, by the enforced habit of repression and calmness, energy was stored up in our very fibres, till steam was needed for a revolution that was, in some degree, to equalize the condition of men.

Even in the trivial early legislation of Roxbury the principle is manifested that men were expected to restrain themselves. Men were not to be softly helped to Heaven by the removal of temptation. The nettle, danger, was to be boldly grasped and crushed by self-control. The muscles of moral nature were called into strong exercise by exposure to temptation and punishment for a fall.

For examples: the Deputy Governor, writing to the Countess of Lincoln, praises the excellency of the water, gravely adding, "untill wine and beare canne be had;" to which end he said they proposed the next season to use the wild grapes.

At a Court held March 4, 1633, "It is ordered that Robert Coles, for drunkenes, by him committed at Roxbury, shall be disfranchised, weare about his necke, and soe to hange upon his outward garm^t, a D made upon redd cloath and sett upon white: to contynue this for a yeare, and not to leave it of att any tyme when he comes amongst company," etc.; and "to wear the D outward." But the instances are many where parties are allowed to "draw wine" or "beare," or to sell strong water.

Yet the Puritans dreaded excitements. There was a con-

siderable disarming of certain religionists. Among those disarmed, five Roxbury men are ordered to give up all their arms, powder, shot and match, lest as disciples of Mr. Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson, they may "upon some revelation make some suddaine irruption upon those that differ from them in judgment." Our fathers feared a "revelation" more than rum.

While repressing the slightest outbreak of intolerance in others, that generation "tyed to the cart tayle," stripped, and whipped, with from ten to twenty stripes, through the towns of Boston, Roxbury and Dedham, poor wretches, indicted for being Quakers, and not saying even "Yea" or "Nay" to the Court. It is no wonder that a Quaker *quietly* vented his feelings by a tract entitled, "A sigh of sorrow for the sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an earthly vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish."

The stern repression of feeling in that fervid age cannot be better marked than by the fact that such a scene of torture took place in Roxbury street before the doors of the most angelic man of the time,—the second pastor of this church; of whose tender charity it is related that, because he could not easily untie the knots of the handkerchief, in which the good town treasurer had purposely tied up the pastor's salary, to *prevent* him from giving it away before he should reach his own somewhat destitute home, the pastor gave it—handkerchief and all—to a poor woman, saying, with tears and trembling accents, "Here! Take it, my dear! I believe the Lord designs it all for you." The town treasurer is not the first or last man who

has defeated his own benevolent intentions by tying up funds too tightly. Nor do I wonder that the pastor's heart was lighter, if he always received his salary in the form indicated by a town receipt of April 8, 1673 :—

"Received of Colo. Williams, of the Feoffees of the Grammar School, a Bag of Coppers, weight, thirty-four pounds, in part of my salary for the year current, the same being by estimation, £4. 13. 4. lawful money, and for which I am to be accountable.

"I say, received in part,

"JOHN ELIOT."

One wonders how, in an age of stern repression of all æsthetic elements, Eliot's beautiful charity could bloom. Men were forced up to religious observance under its most unattractive form. To warm a church was deemed a wile of the devil. The first little church upon this hill had neither shingle, plaster, gallery, pew nor spire. Its benches were plain; and to make it as little like Paradise as possible, the men and women sat apart!

One of the sternest of polemical divines, the Rev. Thomas Welde, of Tirling, in Essex, England, "after many imparlances and days of humiliation by those of Roxbury, to seek the Lord, for Mr. Welde his disposing," was ordained first pastor in July, 1632. Of resolute non-conformity, though educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, England, he had excited Bishop Laud's anger. Thomas Shepard says he and Welde and others, speaking one day of Laud, "consulted whether it was best to let such a swine root up God's plants in Essex, and not to give him some check." Mr.

Welde, thereupon, soon found an officer of the law after himself. He came to America, and, as pastor, exhorted and ruled ten years, when he returned to England with Hugh Peters, the Regicide Judge. When I reflect that Mr. Welde called the virtuous and half-inspired Anne Hutchinson "The American Jezebel," because of her peculiar views about "grace" and "works" and the "Holy Ghost," though he might have borrowed the phrase from Josselyn, I think an "exhortation" in his roughest style of piety must have been a little like a drum-head court martial. But no one who would understand the intellectual and moral fibre of the Roxbury men, who a hundred and thirty years later applied inexorable logic to their chartered rights, and calmly pressed Parliament and King backward to the solemn end of battle, can overlook or easily overrate the probable effect of such honest and inexorable ministrations for ten years, in an age when a calm face veiled spiritual agonies, and the gospel of peace was the skirmish line of a war that brought Charles I. to the scaffold. The stern mental influence of Mr. Welde over this people probably continued after he went with Hugh Peters to England.

His correspondence undoubtedly continued to his death, in 1662. But, if it did not, his colleague, John Eliot, a man whose sixty years of pastorate were an example of quiet courage and intense purpose, supplied his place in educating men to the calm pursuit of a determined end. He, too, was polemic enough to confront Mrs. Hutchinson and her supporters. He taught two generations of the men whom *our* "revolutionary sires" called *their* "Puritan ances-

tors." With infinite toil translating the Bible into a language without an alphabet, he then went out into the forest, with a heart as tender as a woman and as brave as the lion of Judah.

The five nations could place near twenty thousand warriors in battle before the earlier New England settlements; and a formidable array remained. King Philip, who refused to treat with any but "my Brother King Charles of England," and detested the white man, told Eliot that he did not "care a button for the Gospel." But Eliot went on as if the words of Isaiah were thundered in his ear, "FEAR NOT, thou worm Jacob! For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, FEAR not! I will help thee!"

It is sad to think that Eliot's Indian policy would have saved poor Custer's life and prevented most of our Indian wars. Mr. Eliot would never have made the Indian a fiend, and then whined over a fair, square Indian fight and terrible victory as a "massacre." He thought that *one* "season of hunting" undid his missionary work. He would have the Indians forced into some kind of civil society, and taken from their wild ways of living. "One season of hunting makes them complete Indians." Our Congress has begun at the wrong end.

Like all enthusiastic men who live much with nature, he had some comical notions. And one of them illustrates that one feature of the age, which so much affected the logical men who in 1765 tried the claims of Parliament by the square and level of chartered rights. It was a *logical* age. The sermons and discussions were lessons in acute

reasoning on subjects that fired the heart. Logic was their opera and drama.

Mr. Eliot illustrates this great peculiarity of that time by proposing a school of logic and theology for the Indians of Natick. A logical Indian, with a keen perception of final causes and armed with a tomahawk, would be a new terror in Indian war. And I should distrust Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail as theologians.

My fair hearers will also be displeased, perhaps, that Mr. Eliot should class three things together, as distinguishing the "praying" from the "prophane" Indians, to wit: "howling; greasing their bodies; and adorning their hair." But these are trifles in the life of the apostle to the Indians.

The Indian Bible has survived its earthly use. But the eye of love and reverence can still picture that devout and earnest teacher gathering the simple forest children together in the blessed land, leading them like children to the feet of Jesus, and singing the psalms of Israel in the plaintive Indian song, though the confusion of tongues is forgotten. He was pastor for sixty years, and sleeps, by the side of his old wife, in "the Minister's tomb," in the old burying-ground on Eustis street.

From the first little church on this hill to Waltham Abbey, in the parish of Naseing, in the English County of Essex, is a long flight in space and time. John Eliot was born in the parish, perhaps near the ruins of the Abbey that carries us back on the stepping-stones of nine centuries to the founding there of a religious house by the standard bearer of the first Danish King of England.

Possibly, in the church of which this Abbey is a part, the sister of John Eliot, then a young thing, in 1618, was married to William Curtis, of the same parish, who came out here with his brother-in-law, "The Apostle," in the ship Lyon. In 1839 this William Curtis built the old Curtis house, that has stood by Stony brook for nearly two hundred and fifty years; always in the lineal possession of the same family, and which has seen every war in this country represented by one or more descendants of that first settler. The house is overshadowed by an elm which was planted as a sapling in 1775. It is the oldest house in New England.

Under its quaint roof, now stored with curious memorials of a far-off past, when deer were shot in the door-yard, and wolves were "killed on the Curtis farm," by which a hundred railroad trains run now, daily,—a company of men, a hundred years ago, were quartered. A hundred and thirty years before that, John Eliot must have often sojourned there. It is said to have been used as head-quarters by Washington. The present occupant, Mrs. Isaac Curtis, who gave a husband and a son to the late war, has many relics of antiquarian interest. The future historical society of Roxbury may well be proud of this old home of a patriotic, puritan race; and the preservation of the building, intact, is a matter of public interest.

It seems strange, that before Gustavus Adolphus or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden were born, a Roxbury man should have ever commanded a company of foot at the siege of Amiens, under Henry of Navarre. Yet Thomas Dudley, the first Deputy Governor of Massachusetts, was the man.

Page to the Earl of Northampton, of kin to the Earls of Northumberland, steward for long years to the Earl of Lincoln, four times Governor and thirteen times Deputy Governor; he lived down here by the side of Smelt brook, where the Universalist Church now stands. Two sentences, from that life of him which Cotton Mather is supposed to have written, might be applied to the men of the Revolution: "A very wise man and knew how to express his mind in apt and gentle expressions." "Severe enough, but yet when matters were not clear he was slow to proceed to judgment, as most wise men used to be." "Courage and constancy to the truth." "One that would not shrink therefrom, for fear of favor or hope of reward." One might think he was reading Deacon Gridley's town records of instruction to Joseph Williams, about taxation, a century later.

Thomas Dudley's son Joseph, a Roxbury man, seemed to have a full measure of determined purpose and sweet ways. For he was Representative, Assistant, Agent, Commissioner, President of New England, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, Chief Justice of New York, Deputy Governor of the Isle of Wight, Member of Parliament, Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of Massachusetts Bay. Courtier of Queen Anne, and basking in favor, he was not of a revolutionary temper. But he seemed to have the qualities of purpose and manner which, if directed to a public cause instead of to private advancement, would have calmly, sagaciously and obstinately pushed the object to a successful end.

The third generation, which brings us down near the Revolution, presented, in Paul Dudley, a writer on Revelation, a theologian and a grand Chief Justice, whose career

was one of great dignity and power,—a thorough example of the best transmitted traits of Puritan calmness and vigor.

That old polemic life has another example in that founder of this church, William Pynchon, whose entirely pious book on the sufferings of Christ was "ordered to be burned by the executioner." A nation, of logical faculties, intense convictions and patient self-control, was getting ready for 1776. The civil wars of England, the religious wars of France, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which flooded Europe and America with fugitives for religion's sake, kept the flame aglow. The Church and State in England were too closely connected to let the old despotism of church be forgotten when Parliament began to invade the colonial rights. The old chord vibrated again. But the Puritan habit of repressing intense emotion prevented premature revolt.

Even forty-five years ago some of the aged inhabitants about the country farms talked a little like old covenanters. The word "sanctuary" was used instead of "church," and "the house of God" almost always instead of "meeting-house." Some of the old people talked with a sort of religious glow about the Britishers and Hessians as their ancestors had talked of the Antinomians and Cavaliers. Roxbury was very primitive then. Roxbury street concentrated the town life; all the rest was country. Walnut avenue, then Back street, was a narrow road, from the sides of which large coveys of quail would frequently start up. Forest Hill street, then called Jube's lane, had but one habitation upon it,—a wretched collection of hovel and sheds, occupied by a Moorish-looking man, who kept swine,

and had a bevy of wild-eyed children. And in my childish rambles, as the squealing herd would come rattling through the dry leaves of the woodlands, followed by a troop of these screaming young Bedouins, I have imagined the terrors of Mungo Park in Central Africa, when his lonely path was crossed by savage tribes hunting the hippopotami.

There was a majestic tree upon the Williams homestead, near Walnut avenue. It was planted, perhaps, by the old settler of 1630, Robert Williams, whose descendants, as patriots and patrons of learning, have left the family name on the Declaration of Independence, on the corner-stone of Williams College, and on the battle-fields of the Revolution. A very ancient dame, mother of old men as they then seemed to me, told me that, under that tree, she had fed the soldiers of 1775 as they came from Lexington.

“Over her grave for forty years
The grasses have been growing.”

But I have thought of that tree and of her, when, as one of hundreds of thousands of marching men, I have been fed by the loyal women of Philadelphia, who kept their halls open through the whole of the Rebellion; and I have thanked God for the apostolical succession of ministering angels to mankind.

There was on Warren street an old wooden house, black and shattered with more than a century of storms. A herd of cows that, I believe, were once stabled on the parlor floor, had found better quarters in the cellar — before the house was abandoned.

Many a time has my honored father stopped on our way

to my school in Boston, and pointed out the bedroom in which Major General Joseph Warren was born. And then, dwelling on the story of Lexington and Bunker Hill, or telling me some moving incident of heroism by field or flood, my good father would fill my eyes with tears and my young heart full of Warren's sentiment:—

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

And it seems to me that Warren, more than any other man, has impressed this sentiment on the heart of America.

When the British General said that Warren's death was worth five hundred men, he forgot that Warren had *done* his work: that his early death, at thirty-four, had put the seal of glory on it; and that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church.

Great Britain would have better sacrificed five thousand men to save his life. For he was at the height of his fame. He had given hostages to fortune. No one could be sure that the heaven-born orator and patriot would also be “a heaven-born general.” His glory, already won in the field of eloquence, demanded equal glory in the command of troops,—a good fortune, such as no civilian, suddenly placed in command as Major General without passing through grades of actual service, could have expected. Who that stands by Warren's grave would take him from his assured immortality in the nation's heart, and expose him to the chances of defeat in the field, or to the caprices of popular favor? His death was the key-stone to the arch of his labor.

For when the sun went down on the 17th of June, 1775,

revolution was an accepted fact. On the morning that followed that fight the astonished and wounded pride of the English, victors though they were, could not have submitted to any terms which the defeated, but astonished and exultant, colonists, would have accepted. The 17th of June had verified that defiant prophecy of Warren: "These fellows say we won't fight! By Heaven, I hope I shall die up to my knees in blood!"

The battle of Bunker Hill was the irrevocable covenant of successful revolt. And the mission of Warren was to bring the nation up to Bunker Hill.

For this work the intense magnetic nature of the man was adapted. And here comes in the marked Puritan element again—*conviction at white heat*, and *inevitable logic*, and *patient waiting*. His words were like a cavalry charge. His personal qualities assured him leadership. But just as the old Puritans would say, and honestly too, "Beloved Brother," while their hearts were on fire—Warren, while concentrating everything on Union and Revolution, and while making officers shudder when he delivered their commissions, could say—and he meant it—"No mobs! No confusion! No tumults!" "Let the persons and property of our most inveterate enemies be safe!"

This old Puritan town may claim in him the best revolutionary example of the old Puritan concentrated force, directed upon the turning-point of our debate, and then entirely expended like a shell in the most effective way to carry it.

The town records of Roxbury are particularly instructive. They offer models of temper, and constantly show the influ-

ence of the stern Puritan heart and mind and will and manner. They recall the men who "admonish with love," spend weeks in argument, and slay "for the Gospel's sake."

As early as October 22, 1665, when the town contained 1,487 people, town meeting, "expressing the greatest loyalty to our Most Gracious Sovereign and our sincere veneration for the British Parliament," instructs its representative, Joseph Williams, who lived down here by Hog bridge, and who commanded a regiment in the French war, "That you readily join in such dutiful remonstrances and humble petitions." . . . "That you do not give your assent to any act of assembly that shall imply the willingness of your constituents to submit to any internall taxes that are imposed otherwise than by the Great and Generall Court of This Province according to the Constitution of this Government. We also recommend a clear, Explicit and Spirited Assertion and vindication of our rights and Liberties as inherent in our very natures and confirmed to us by our charter."

October 22, 1667. Town meeting, called to consider "suitable and prudent measures" to encourage domestic manufactures, adjourns to December 7, 1667; and it is then voted that this town "will take all proper and Legall measures" to lessen the use of imported articles; specifying a list that includes almost everything known among men, from loaf sugar and cordage, to cheese, "chiney ware," fire engines and "Glew." Meeting was then adjourned "to meet after Lecture."

Soon after, the names of importers are published in severe

terms, and ordered to be read at future town meetings, to expose their conduct to posterity.

May, 1669. Town meeting instructs Joseph Williams to proceed in "a calm, steady manner." He is reminded that "overdoing, as well as coming short, hath an ill tendency." After expressing horror at being "painted" as "Factious, Rebellious," the instructions say, "Secondly, Let the invaluable Charter, Rights, Liberties and Privileges . . . ever be near your hearts, privileges which are to us as dear as our lives, therefore we presume you will never consent to give them up. And that neither powers nor flatteries will ever prevail on you to renounce one whit of them." The instructions order him to "avoid everything disrespectful," but suggest some very disrespectful inquiries; "to cultivate harmony," but in spite of every discouragement to continue his "Cries and Petitions."

But after the massacre, writing to Gov. Hutchinson, they "desire to express our astonishment, grief and indignation at the horrid and barbarous action committed there last Monday evening by a party of those troops, by firing with small arms in the most wanton and cowardly manner."

I have given enough for example of the vigor and self-control of Roxbury in the Revolution.

The Sons of Liberty often met at the Greyhound Tavern in Roxbury street, where Graham's block now stands. Its walls rang with wit and patriotic eloquence. John Greaton, the innkeeper, was at Lexington and Bunker Hill. He became a Brigadier General in the army. He was a good officer, and I hold in my hand his commission as Colonel,

lent by Mr. Drake. It bears date 1774, and is signed by Samuel Huntington.

The first "General Order" for the army was signed by General William Heath, a Roxbury man, and the son of a Roxbury farmer. He was at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and commanded a part of the right wing in the siege of Boston. His conspicuous qualities of honesty and patriotism were rewarded by the especial favor of Washington, who appointed him to the command of West Point after the treason of Arnold.

Here, too, lived and died Major General Henry Dearborn, distinguished in the great battles of the war, and having the honor of being on the staff of Washington.

Lemuel Childs, who commanded a company at Lexington, kept the old Peacock Tavern, which stood on Centre street, at the corner of the present Allendale street, once owned by Samuel Adams, and visited by Washington, Knox and the other army officers. Near it the army, in event of disaster, was ordered to reassemble.

Moses Whiting and William Draper, both Roxbury men, commanded companies at Lexington.

Robert Williams, Master of the Latin School when the war broke out, changed his ferule for a sword, and took a commission in the army.

One hundred and forty Roxbury men were at Lexington.

Only a few rods from this church was the old fort built by General Knox. The Cochituate stand-pipe marks the place where it stood.

Whether the eye turns backward or forward to survey the distinction of this town, the page is bright with names

of Governors and Judges and Senators, historians, authors, clergymen, and physicians, who are patrons of learning as well as heroes. Perhaps no New England town can show so many names of such distinction in two hundred and forty-six years.

A citizen of Roxbury was counsel for the War Department in the gravest questions and darkest years of the Government. Every child in America has read and studied the Histories, the Geographies, the Readers and Speakers of citizens of Roxbury. Roxbury was the seat of the most curious contribution to transcendental thought and life in America. The Dibbleian Lectures and the Bussey Institute constitute part of the debt of Harvard College to the citizens of this town. The Constitution of Massachusetts owes to a citizen of Roxbury the insertion, in her bill of rights, of the immortal words "All men are born free and equal." And this clause was then introduced with the intention of putting an end to slavery in Massachusetts. The tongues of Europe and Asia have translated, and are this day translating, words of beauty and power that were written forty years ago by a citizen of Roxbury, and passed through hundreds of editions, in aid of the Temperance Reform.

If I turn my eye to the Governors of Massachusetts, who were sons of Roxbury by birth, another, who was her citizen by temporary residence, and who is a respected example of the great Puritan virtue, *equilibrium* under influence, meets my eye. An hour's oration is not long enough to recite the merits of those who, as well as he, have enjoyed her municipal honors.

Shall I speak of her later soldiers? If name after name comes before me, fond voices whisper in my ear, "I, too, can lead you to a hero's grave." The choice which I, perhaps, might make, retires from my embarrassed lips. In illustration more than in eulogy, I have mentioned Warren. He is the representative soldier of this town for other and later generations than his own. Many of "the three hundred" were as brave as Leonidas; but he stands for all Sparta, and all time. The splendor of his fortune prevents all throb of envy. No one can blame me if I name one other, whose achievement will never be forgotten till the pilgrim can walk dry shod from Calais to Dover. What American can ever forget that ecstatic nineteenth of April, 1864, when the Kearsarge went into the British channel with the Alabama, and came out of it alone? The God of vengeance chose the place, that England might never seowl across the water into French eyes again without seeing the grave of HER pirate. Commodore John A. Winslow, of kin to the Pilgrim blood, who thrilled the nation twelve years ago by that victory over the selfishness of England, was a resident of Roxbury for nearly thirty years.

The fervor of that old praying, reasoning, fighting, but self-controlled, Puritan blood has never failed to mark the historic page. Little peculiarities of to-day show the old marked influence on the habit of mind, and on the staid severity of manner. The peculiar Puritanic habit of giving such names as Mercy, Faithful, Increase, and Desire, has forgotten the cause of an effect which remains. The odd trick of addressing a child by every one of his names when impressiveness is intended, may be traced to the Puritanic

age and the Roundhead habit of giving whole texts from the Bible as baptismal names, in order to constantly impress a Gospel truth. So that, when a country mother sharply addresses her son, "George Washington Franklin Jones! what *do* you mean?" we are hearing the echo of the ancient time in which names were impressively recited as texts in full, when addressing "Faint Not Hewitt," "God Reward Smart," "Kill Sin Pimple," "Fight the good fight of Faith White," and that most remarkable of all, "If Christ had not died for you, you had been damned Barebone," — all of which Hume mentions.

How changed is the town since the pastor of the Third Church of Jamaica Plain, the Reverend Doctor William Gordon, wrote his history of the American war! For Roxbury claims this historian.

These streets and this hill had then recently felt the tread of Washington. Here he had visited the lines of Heath, and Ward, and Thomas, in the most anxious moments of his life. Over this hill that majestic form had passed to occupy the Heights of Dorchester.

To go to Boston we must pass through works beyond Roxbury street, and, traversing the Neck sometimes up to the horses' knees in salt water, meet opposing works at Dover street, which commanded Boston Neck, and poured shot and shell on the spot where we stand. For Boston and Roxbury are at war in 1775.

But how much more vastly changed is the nation which has passed through battles to which Bunker Hill was only skirmish fire! The centennial year of the nation shall to-day spread the mantle of silence over the graves of men

whose sires once fell in a common cause under the eye of Washington.

The wounds that yet fester will heal. The nation is yet in its youth. Heirs of the three centuries that have passed since our first settlers were born, let us take a moment's retrospect, and imagine what the future can have in store for those who will smile at our quaint words and ways.

Shakespeare was not of much account when Thomas Dudley first put on a uniform, about a dozen years before Milton was born. When the Spanish Armada was defeated, and Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded, Dudley was a big boy. In his time there were plenty of men living who had heard Columbus denounced as an impostor for begging money for a big humbug in the Atlantic. John Eliot was teaching the Indians, about the time that the Mantchoo Tartars conquered China, and a generation before Peter the Great was born. The Ministers' tomb, down here in Roxbury street, had been closed half a century on John Eliot's dust, before Frederic the Great ascended the Prussian throne. And Dudley had rested in his grave one hundred and fifteen years before Captain Cook sailed round the world and discovered the Sandwich Islands.

The face of Europe has been changed over and over again since this church in Roxborough was settled. "The Free Grammar Schoole" is venerable. Since it was founded Russia has had a dozen rulers; Poland and Hungary have vanished; the Ottoman power has been destroyed; Algeria has become a part of the French Empire; the British East Indian Empire and the title of "Great Britain" itself have been created; in France, the Empire of the first Napoleon,

with the change that he made of States and crowns, its fields of Marengo and Austerlitz, the Russian campaign, and Waterloo, and Elba, and St. Helena,—all this in the history of France,—is one item only in her change; for not only the first, but the second empire, the revolutions, the republics, Louis Philippe, the whole royal house of Bourbon and three or four monarchs of the house of Valois, have vanished; Germany has seen her empires and confederations come and go and come again; and Great Britain has spent in war a dozen thousand millions of dollars, often without much thought,—all this, and vastly more, since “with many imparlances and days of humiliation by those of Roxbury, to seek the Lord for Mr. Welde his disposing,” Mr. Welde resolved “to sit downe with them of Roxbury.”

But I believe that those old Puritan “days of humiliation to seek the Lord,” and the habit of mind evolved thereby, created the New England fibre, and the best that it has done in arts and arms. Science may sneer at the idea of changing a link in an eternal chain of cause and effect. But when the vital and spiritual element is a factor in a problem, her instruments and deductions lose their certainty. We know that our whole life is based on the power to change events. Otherwise we should never strive, nor command, nor urge, nor fight, nor woo. It is folly to believe all life and consciousness are a fraud.

A French camp would hardly be thought a religious school. But Henry of Navarre with all his gallantries had the fullest faith in praying to God “with agony.” The garden of Gethsemane cannot be subjected to the conditions of scientific investigation; and we know that the prayer was not answered; and the cup did not pass away. But,

because it did not, the instrument of the most ignominious punishment, which was as low as the "cart tayle" of Quaker torture, became the altar-piece of the most gorgeous cathedrals of the world.

The old teachers have gone to their calm repose. This old town has passed away. The city with its eight municipal organizations are absorbed in another. Schemes and hopes and dreams and animosities are forgotten. We have started on a new career. But this old hill-top and this church remain. Long may the Spirit of God rest upon it. The benedictions of near a hundred years have fallen from the lips of the present pastor and his immediate predecessor who has gone before. Those benedictions return to earth. From the dying-bed and the baptismal font; from the altar and the grave; from the scenes of resignation and the scenes of hope; on the wings of the Holy Spirit they return to soothe the heart and to kiss the lips that uttered them. Long may the successor of Welde, and Eliot, and Danforth, and Walter, and Peabody, and Adams, and Porter, bear their mantle upon earth!

THE BENEDICTION.

The hymn "America" was sung by the choir, the large congregation joining in the last two verses, and the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. John O. Means:—

And now may the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ,—the Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the Blessed Covenant,—make you perfect in every good work to do His will, and work in you that you yourselves may be perfect in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

THE BANQUET.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the church, the procession re-formed, and escorted the guests to Webster Hall, where the ranks were broken. At six o'clock the company sat down to a banquet in Institute Hall, served by the veteran Col. Jonas Pierce. The hall was gracefully decorated, under the direction of Captain John A. Scott. The national colors were depended in streamers from prominent points. On the platform were the Hon. William Gaston (the chairman of the evening), the orator of the day, and the distinguished citizens who took part in the after-dinner exercises. Six tables extended the entire length of the hall. On the extreme right, next the platform, were the Roxbury Horse Guards, and facing them, at the same table, were the Grand Army. The next two tables were occupied by citizens. The Norfolk Guards were seated at the left of the fourth, and right of the fifth table. The Roxbury Artillery occupied the left side of the fifth table, and the sixth table was taken up by the Roxbury City Guard. Seated at the tables were the following well-known citizens : —

Obed Rand,	Augustus Bacon,
Dr. H. G. Morse,	John Kneeland,
Dr. E. G. Moore,	George H. Munroe,
Jeremiah Plympton,	Moses H. Day,
John H. Lester,	Aaron D. Williams,
Dr. Joseph H. Streeter,	Joseph H. Chadwick,
Nathan S. Wilbur,	James Morse,
Horace T. Rockwell,	S. A. Bolster,

Capt. Joseph Hastings,
Capt. John W. Chase,
Andrew W. Newman,
Frank Hastings,
William C. Collier,
Benjamin Merriam,
William Bacon,

Ivory Harmon,
Bernard Foley,
Owen Naun,
H. A. S. Dudley,
R. C. Nichols,
George Lewis,
Samuel T. Cobb,

and many others.

The appearance of ex-Governor Gaston was greeted with three hearty cheers.

The divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. A. J. Patterson, pastor of the Roxbury Universalist Church: — *

Our Father who art in Heaven, we thank Thee that Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. We thank Thee that Thy presence, care and inspiration attended our fathers in the bright day, and in the dark and trying day. We thank Thee for their integrity, for their fidelity, for their love of country, and their love of Thee. We thank Thee that they labored, and we their children are permitted to enter into their labors. O God, we thank Thee that, to-day, in memory, we are permitted to walk along the paths where they wrought, where they struggled, where they triumphed. We thank Thee for the inspiring words that have been spoken. We pray that they may sink deep into our hearts, and that they will enable us to take up the work which the fathers began so well, and carry it forward. May Thy blessing rest upon this community. Beautiful for situation are these Highlands where we dwell. May they become more beautiful through the faithful work and godly life of their inhabitants. Let Thy loving favor attend our entire city; may it rest upon this Commonwealth. O God, may the tone of our beloved country, and State, and city, be that of a people whose God is the Lord. Wilt Thou bless us now as we feast upon the bounties of Thy hand, and feed our souls, we pray Thee, upon that bread which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Prepare us for the faithful discharge of the duties

which we owe to Thee and to humanity. Guide us while life lasts, and when our days on earth are numbered, gather us into the enjoyment of that eternal inheritance which Thou hast prepared for all who put their trust in Thee; and unto Thy great name, through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, will we ascribe praise and power and glory and dominion now and forever. Amen.

The dinner was served in plain, old-fashioned Roxbury style, everything being supplied in abundance.

*WELCOMING ADDRESS OF HON. WILLIAM GASTON.

After the feast had been disposed of and cigars lighted, the chairman called the company to order, saying:—

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, I am happy to welcome to these tables, to-night, so many whom I know love, honor, and cherish the name of Roxbury [Applause], a place that has furnished so many men who have borne no inconspicuous part in the history of the colony, the province, the commonwealth and the nation. Roxbury now forms a part of the great metropolis of Massachusetts and of New England; her name has been stricken from the list of the municipalities of the State, but her hills and her valleys are here; the graves of her heroes, her statesmen, and her philanthropists are here; her history is not blotted out; her traditions remain, and her memory is as fragrant and as sweet as ever. [Applause.] As a part of the great city of Boston she has entered upon a new century, which, I trust, is to be filled with the highest achievements of civilization and of peace. We are now citizens of Boston, and as such we are proud of the great metropolis; we are proud of her for what she has been and what she is. But in our pride for the great city of Boston, we do not forget the old town and city of Roxbury [Applause], that has brought to the city of Boston her contributions of strength and of glory.

Many events have occurred on our soil which have been narrated on the pages of history; she has furnished men whose glory and whose fame are the common inheritance of the nation. These events and these men will never be forgotten; but there are associations which we wish to keep alive; there are traditions which we wish to cherish, there are events which we wish to rescue from oblivion. Such are among the purposes of this day's services; for such, among other reasons, we have assembled to listen to words of instruction and eloquence to day. [Applause.] And for these purposes, in part, you have assembled here to-night. My duty, gentlemen, is not so much to speak, as to open the lips of the men of wit and eloquence whom I see around me, and in the performance of this duty I invite the aid of my friend General JOHN L. SWIFT, whom I have the pleasure of introducing as the Toast-master.

Gen. Swift was received with loud applause and a round of three hearty cheers. Bowing his acknowledgments to the company, he proceeded to announce the sentiments prepared for the occasion.

First Sentiment.

"THE MEMORIES OF OLD ROXBURY."

Proudly she sits upon her heights,
Where peace and comfort reign,
And happiness fills all her homes,
Proud in her wealth and gain.

Though changed her name and changed her bounds,
And changed each vale and hill,
Loved by the loyal native heart
Is dear old Roxbury still.

[Applause.]

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

I shall invite to respond to this toast an old and honored citizen of Roxbury, the first Mayor of the municipality; the Hon. JOHN J. CLARKE. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF THE HON. JOHN J. CLARKE.

I can hardly realize, gentlemen, that I am an old man. [Laughter.] Yet still I am called upon to respond to the toast of Old Roxbury. It would be more than superfluous for me to talk about what happened in Roxbury in old times, as it has been so eloquently spoken of by the orator to-day. It is true that I have known it for over fifty years. When I came here there were about 5,000 inhabitants; Boston was an island; there was no public conveyance between Boston and Roxbury at that time, and at high tide we could hardly get to Boston dry-shod. Now the same territory, which then was populated by about five thousand inhabitants, has probably from thirty to forty thousand, and, as my eloquent friend said to-day, it was then a place of farms and gardens, with here and there a house. It is now built up with blocks of buildings, and there is hardly a garden, and very few of the old houses left. What a change! But although there is change in every other respect, in one I think there is not. The spirit that animates the young men of to-day is the same spirit that animated their ancestors of 1776. [Applause.] As I said, it would be superfluous to speak of old Roxbury more than I have, or detain you with a longer speech; but, as one of its oldest inhabitants,—I believe I could count on my fingers those living here when I came,—I don't know that it would be improper for me to toast the young men of to-day; and with your permission I will give you this sentiment:—“The young men of the Roxbury District,—worthy successors of its citizens in 1776, manifested by their action in the late Rebellion, and illustrated by their hearty recognition of the Centennial year of our national independence.—may God bless them!” [Applause.]

Second Sentiment.

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

It is the sentiment and voice of old Roxbury that forty millions of intelligent American citizens know neither partisanship or prejudice, only respect and obedience to the National Chief Magistrate, *whoever he is, or whoever he is to be.*

[Cries of "Good," and long applause.]

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN: — I shall have the pleasure of inviting to respond to this toast a gentleman who is a resident of Roxbury, and whose eloquence is adequate to the occasion of responding for the Chief Magistrate of the United States — Mr. Collector SIMMONS. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF HON. WILLIAM A. SIMMONS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: — I rejoice that I am privileged to participate in the very impressive and pleasurable ceremonies of this Roxbury Centennial observance. I rejoice, too, sir, that we of the present time are privileged to stand, as it were, upon the very threshold of the second century of our national existence, and feel our hearts thrilling with emotions of patriotic pride and pleasure over the magnificent outlook which the unparalleled prosperity of the country in the past indicates as the destiny of the republic in the future. [Applause.]

As has been well said, the President of these United States does represent forty millions of free people, a large majority of whom, happily, are loyal, peaceful, patriotic, liberty-loving people, who believe in the great underlying principles upon which our whole fabric of government rests: who believe in the widest dissemination of education and information among the masses: who believe

in the spirit of religious toleration which the Constitution inculcates; who believe in that freedom of speech and of the press which has convinced the world that for more than a century we have been among the foremost of the nations of the earth; and it is because of the almost universal belief of our people in these great principles, these fundamental principles of free government, that we are, to-day, permitted to enjoy the privileges, the liberties and the blessings of the Union in which we live. Push aside for a moment the curtain which hides from our view the glorious labors of the century which has passed; look at the almost fabulous results of our national researches, at the marvellous developments of our industrial interests — 250,000 manufacturing establishments; 3,000,000 farms, each one, with rare exception, cultivated by its owner; 75,000 miles of railroad, half the number in the whole world; 3,000,000 tons of shipping upon our inland lakes alone, and a mercantile marine larger, with one exception, than that of any other nation on the civilized globe; and all these wonderful evidences of thrift and wealth and power are simply the logical results, the natural outgrowth of the efforts and labors of those heroic men who gathered upon these Roxbury hills one hundred years ago as volunteers in the sacred cause of human freedom. [Applause and cheers.]

The loyal men of this time, sir, are the direct inheritors of the faith and principles of their fathers. They have endeavored to live up to the full measure and spirit of the genius of our institutions. They have established all over this fair land of ours free schools in which to educate the youth of the nation [Applause]; Christian churches in which to worship God; free libraries to enrich the minds; newspapers to enlarge the information and understanding; society in which law, order and justice prevail, and where, thank God, labor is considered honorable; and all these taken together have made possible that magnificent American citizenship which has developed the wonderful wealth, power and thrift of the American continent; which has attracted 500,000 new settlers to our shores each recurring year; and which, better than that, has convinced the world that the broadening influences of American civilization will continue to give, in all the centuries that lie before us, power, wealth, union, liberty, peace and grandeur.

to this republic as long as human liberty shall find name and place among the children of men.

And for these reasons, sir, I am led irresistibly to the conclusion that notwithstanding the unfortunate complications of the present, the intelligence, the patriotism, the good sense, the *loyalty* of the American people will elevate them above and beyond the narrow sphere of political prejudice and partisanship, and will lead them, in the language of your sentiment, to accord to the President of the United States, whoever he may be, the same unswerving, patriotic devotion, which has characterized the American people for more than a century. [Loud and long-continued applause.]

And now, in conclusion, let me express the hope that when the smoke of these transitory battles shall have lifted and faded into air, we may find the North, the South, the East, the West, keeping step to the music of the Union, and marching in accord and harmony with the patriotic utterances of our own great poet, when he sings: —

“ Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State;
Sail on, O Union, strong and great:
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

“ We know what master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and spar, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy fate.

“ In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!”

[Loud and long-continued applause, ending with cheers for the speaker.]

Third Sentiment.

"THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS."

The Old Bay State is proud of her glorious past and her triumphant present. She is proud of the memories which cluster about Plymouth Rock, Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill. She is proud of her staples of granite, ice, and sterling men and women, and she is also proud of her magnificent Chief Magistrate.

REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret that His Excellency the Governor has been prevented from attending and responding to this toast in honor of our old Commonwealth; and as she has no one to respond for her to-night, I invite you, men of Roxbury, to rise in your places and give three cheers in her honor.

The announcement was greeted with loud applause, and three rousing cheers and a "tiger" were given by the entire company in response to the sentiment.

Fourth Sentiment.

"THE CITY OF BOSTON."

Boston, beside her commercial, patriotic and intellectual renown, is famous as the City of Notions. One of her best notions was to come to old Roxbury and take our fellow-citizen, SAMUEL C. COBB, for her model Mayor.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret that His Honor Mayor Cobb is not present to respond; but, fortunately, we have the next officer of the City Government, the Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, and I now take pleasure in introducing to you Alderman CLARK. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF HON. JOHN T. CLARK, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN OF BOSTON.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I exceedingly regret that His Honor the Mayor is not present to respond to the toast offered to the city; but in his absence permit me to say that it affords me great pleasure to respond to a sentiment in honor of the city of Boston, especially upon this occasion, for I understand, sir, that this is the celebration of the anniversary of an association whose organization dates far back into the early history of the town of Roxbury, and has always held a conspicuous position among the cherished institutions of the past and present.

It is a good thing, Mr. Chairman, to keep alive the memory of these ancient associations. They are the landmarks which recall to us the memory of our fathers, and encourage us to imitate their virtues, and to strengthen and perpetuate the principles of good government for which they labored and helped to establish. These principles are alive in our midst to-day, sir, and they have preserved untarnished the fair fame of our city during its years of rapid growth and wonderful prosperity. Our municipal escutcheon has not suffered by any acts which have been the disgrace of other cities. The voice of our people is now, and ever has been, for the right, and I believe, sir, that as it has been in the past so it will be in the future. Others may excel us in rapid growth of population, but not in the elements of integrity and stability, the foundations of true prosperity. I believe, sir, that as we increase in population, and in everything which tends to build up a large and prosperous city, so also shall we strengthen the foundation of honor and virtue which our fathers laid with such tender regard for the welfare of their posterity, by remembering their early lessons and emulating their examples.

Mr. Chairman, it has been said that Boston has gained by the annexation of Roxbury. It certainly has, and in no small degree; and among those things by which it has been benefited, the evidence is before you this evening, in your chairman, an able and efficient Mayor of the city [Applause], an able and efficient Governor of the State [Applause], and before long, gentlemen, I hope, an able and efficient member of the Congress of the United States

[Loud applause]. You have also during the last three years had another man taken from your midst to preside over the city of Boston. No city has ever known a better executive officer, and I only regret that he will not allow his name to be used in the future as he has in the past. It is an exceedingly great loss for any city to lose the services of such an executive as Boston has been blessed with during the past three years. [Applause].

Fifth Sentiment.

"THE ORATOR OF THE ROXBURY CENTENNIAL."

Though our orator is simply a Sargent, his success to-day in the field of eloquence entitles him to immediate promotion. In the hearts of Roxbury he can take no higher rank.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

I have the pleasure, gentlemen, of now presenting to you a gentleman whose eloquence has once charmed you to-day, General SARGENT. [Long applause.]

RESPONSE OF GENERAL HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I feel very much obliged to you for the kindness of your greeting. You will remember that, when the time was made up for the soldiers engaged in the war of the Rebellion, the three months were always counted into their time and credited to them. I heard this morning that every speaker here was expected to speak just three minutes, and as I have already spoken so long to-day I think, if my time then is to be counted in now, my three minutes must be already up.

But, gentlemen, it is an occasion for a man to be proud of, that he can recall the record of this old town and city, in such an assemblage as this to-night. I am sure it would gratify the heart

of my old father if he could look upon this assembly of Roxbury men; for he lived here near forty years, and here he died. He opposed annexation to Boston because he loved the old records and individual life of this venerable town. But I am sure he would be glad to see his old friends as the citizens of Boston to-night.

Gentlemen, I was gratified by the eloquence that has charmed me before,—that of the Collector of the Port of Boston. He is younger than I am: his view is very hopeful, and I hope his view is perfectly right. But it does seem to me that this is a solemn occasion as well as a gay one. I should be unwilling to suggest that at any time within the memory of this generation men may be compelled to meet their brothers in hostility on the field in defence of liberty, free government, and the will of the constitutional majority. I do not expect it; but I am not sorry that we keep up our old military traditions throughout the whole length and breadth of the land.

It is a pleasure to me to meet to-night the chairman of this assembly, who, as has been eloquently said, was an excellent Mayor of the city, and an admirable Governor of the State. As I had the honor of saying to you in the church, though I don't know that the allusion to him was exactly understood, he seems to me to represent the Puritan virtue of equilibrium under pressure,—self-control,—and that is precisely what an executive of a free government should represent: he ought never to give "up to party what is meant for mankind." It is because this principle of equilibrium lies deep and strong in the hearts of the American people throughout the northern country, and I hope and believe, in the hearts of the majority of the South, that I look for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. I turn with confidence to the equilibrium of the country,—the old Puritan quality, the quiet steadiness of determination to *demand* nothing wrong, and to *submit* to nothing wrong.

There is a story of an honest old trader on the border, who, dealing with some tricky customers in barter trade, weight for weight, found, after he had parcelled out just measure, that his side of the scale, when his back was turned, was a pound short of even weight, and putting his hard old hand into the deficient bal-

ance against the *fraud* in the other, he would bring the scales to the former equilibrium, saying, "My hand weighs just a pound." In event of fraud or violence by any party or on either side, I want the common sense and decency of North and South, the equilibrium of the whole country, the nation's faith in God and man, to put the strong right hand of justice into the scale, and, demanding only what is right, suffering nothing that is wrong, insist that law, order, and an honest government shall prevail.

When speaking at the church, I thought of an incident which, though trivial for introduction there, might be properly introduced in connection with a toast that I suppose may come later in the dinner. I think we have never fully recognized our obligations to woman at Bunker Hill. But her service there, a hundred years ago, was important, if not conspicuous. It is of record that the British artillery, which ultimately was brought into close action, with grape sweeping the redoubt and contributing to our defeat and momentary submission to the British arms, was at first embarrassed by finding that twelve-pound balls had been provided for six-pounder guns. And some of the chroniclers, who know more about history than artillery, gravely say that the British necessarily lost much time in ramming down such "disproportioned" shot into six-pounder guns.

A little note, in regard to this matter, states that the blunder in regard to ordnance was owing to a certain officer, who, instead of attending to his duties, spent his time "in flirting with the schoolmaster's daughters." Such was the influence of woman at Bunker Hill. And, certainly, she never used her powers of flirtation to greater national advantage!

Gentlemen, I have spoken so long at the church, and so long now, that I must extend my cordial thanks to you for your courtesy and patience, and bid you good-night.

Gen. Sargent was frequently interrupted by appreciative applause and laughter. At the conclusion of his remarks he was compelled to leave the hall, and was honored with three cheers as he passed off the platform.

Sixth Sentiment.

"THE CHIEF MARSHAL OF THE ROXBURY CENTENNIAL."

'Twas easy work to lead the van
When nothing did perplex us;
But how did Burrell feel that day
When they gobbled him in Texas?

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the pleasure of now presenting to you my friend, and your friend, Gen. BURRELL. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF GEN. L. S. BURRELL.

MR. CHAIRMAN, FELLOW-CITIZENS AND NEIGHBORS:—I assure you it gives me great pleasure to be here on this interesting occasion, and to meet so many whose faces are so very familiar to us all; and in behalf of the committee and the associations who first instigated and moved to have this grand gathering, I heartily thank you all, gentlemen. I hope you will be pleased and satisfied, and go away hoping that next year, or at no very distant time, we shall have another just such gathering as this. It has been arranged, as you see, upon an economical scale; for, taking into consideration the hard times, we did not intend to have anything very sumptuous set before you; but we hope that real sociability, and the heartfelt shaking of the hand, will make up for the more expensive dinner which could have been provided.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—I will take up but very few minutes more of your time, because I know there are so many that you wish to hear from who can speak to you so much better than I can. I feel that great and good results come from these gatherings, for they engender a patriotic feeling. I believe it is a mistake of New Englanders that they don't have more of them. They had them in the olden times, and there are but few of the old militia who would not come together on the celebrations

of anniversaries of both the old and the new organizations. Although this is not strictly a centennial celebration, yet I trust that those of us who are living seven years hence will have a military celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Old Roxbury Artillery Company, now known as the Roxbury City Guards. We have the records of old organizations which have gone out from active life, and others have taken their places. In looking over the old rolls, from away back in the early days, we find the names of many of the original settlers of the town, and when we look through the rolls of to-day we find the names of many of the descendants of those early settlers — good, sound, patriotic men, who love their country more than they do dollars and cents. The great trouble with us, I feel, is that we are so engrossed in business that we do not give time enough to the cultivation of patriotic sentiments and love for our fellow-men.

Our country is new, and we need to settle down and have that firm, steadfast love of country which we find amongst the English nation. When you meet an Englishman, you find a man who thinks his country the greatest country upon earth ; his little island better than all the rest of the world. It is a good feeling, and I hope and trust we shall never forget our country, — I won't say right or wrong ; but I say, support our country and *make it right.* [Loud applause.] I know that is the sentiment of those who are now keeping up our military organizations, and who have come here to celebrate this anniversary on the sacred soil of these hills. I could but think, as I sat in the old church to-day, that that was the very spot where the first church was built ; that its steeple was riddled with bullets in revolutionary times, and that that was the spot where the patriotic men of the olden time met and took counsel together ; that the town meetings were also held in the old church, and that it was surrounded by fortifications, and was made the centre of operations. No matter where we go, whether to the North, the South, the East, or the West, let us feel that we love our country, and our country's good.

As the speaker took his seat, the company spontaneously rose and gave three cheers and a tiger "For Our Old General."

Seventh Sentiment.

"THE OLD NORFOLK GUARDS OF ROXBURY."

In days forever fled,
 Along each old-time street,
The Norfolk Guards kept even step
 To fife and to drum-beat.
These gray and reverend heads
 With us to-night are met—
The remnants of a former band,
 With martial bearing yet:
And may they all fall in once more
 On yonder shining banks,
When to the last upon the roll
 The order comes, "Break Ranks!"

[Applause.]

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

I am happy to present to you a former commander of that ancient and patriotic association,—a gentleman whom every Roxbury man knows, and whom everybody honors and respects. I mean Capt. JAMES GUILD. [Applause and cheers.]

RESPONSE OF CAPT. JAMES GUILD.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—When I was asked to take command on this centennial day of the "Old Norfolk Guards," I assure you, sir, I felt exceedingly embarrassed to know how I could, after so many years' retirement to private life, again buckle on the armor, and, with credit to myself or with honor to the famous old corps, place myself at their head.

And now, sir, I feel doubly embarrassed to be called upon to respond to the sentiment you have so kindly proposed. I have always tried to follow, if in nothing else, in this one trait of *retirement*, our great war general, who now commands the armies and the navy of these United States; and if I could have followed him

in military matters one-half as well. I, too, might possibly have become famous.

Besides, sir, there are "veterans" in my ranks to-day whose drum and fife, when a boy, I used to follow up hill and down dale; for when the "Guards" came out, sir, the school was always dismissed, and in many a long march I have helped to raise a dust till no doubt they wished us all grown-up men and in their places. And, Mr. Chairman, these were the days that tried the soles of men's boots, when steam-cars and horse-cars were not availed of. And, under Gibbs and Doggett and Spooner and Curtis and Cook and Dudley,—to say nothing of Knower, who still lives, hale and hearty, I sincerely hope,—in those days, sir, the "Guards" thought nothing of a march to Salem and back, or to a muster at Dedham Plains or Quincy. And in those days of "Old Lang Syne" the true soldier did not stop at every pump by the wayside to refresh; and "Cochituate" was an unheard-of beverage. But ever and anon they came into line, and something of a darkish color in new "Hingham buckets" was passed along the ranks, and served from bright tin dippers. I don't know what it was, sir, but I always noticed that the men marched brisker, if not steadier, after partaking of it. The boys, too, sometimes found a little of it, very sweet and palatable, in the bottom of the dippers, and I think it must have been the same that Old Rip Van Winkle partook of on the mountain, for some of it was given to me once up on the "Old Fort," now, alas, levelled and devoted to "weak Cochituate" only, and it affected me very much as Old Rip was affected. I did not sleep as long as he did, but when I awoke the day was far spent, no "Guards" were in sight, and I wended my way down from this "Cold Water Mountain" a wiser if not a better boy, and I made a solemn vow that, from that time forth, whatever else I did, I would "dare to do right."

But in those days, Mr. Chairman, "training" seemed to many persons a good deal like "boy's play." Since then, however, the country has had an experience that has led us to honor the militia, and to look to it as the salvation of the land. And some of these "veterans" of the "Old Guard," which I only followed as a boy, should, I think, have been asked to respond to the sentiment just given. For, sir, they could tell you of deeds of prowess on land

and sea, on tented field and in endless marches, that we of more modern times know but little of.

But, Mr. President, I meant to say only one word in acknowledgment of the honor you have done to the "Guards." And, if you will allow me, I will close, as in the olden time an after-dinner speech always closed, with a sentiment.

Let me say, sir, "The memory of Gibbs and Doggett and Spooner and Curtis and Cook and Dudley." They were each and all "every inch a soldier." They have all, alas, marched on to that bourne from which no traveller and no soldier returns.

Eighth Sentiment.

"THE OLD ROXBURY ARTILLERY."

To the tune of Yankee Doodle,
In the time of '76,
The old Artillery mustered
When the land was in a fix.
No guns did better service,
No men did any more
In honor of old Roxbury town
Than our artillery corps.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

For this ancient and honored association I invite Capt. JOHN P. JORDAN to respond. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF CAPT. JOHN P. JORDAN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—A gentleman, this evening,—one of the previous speakers,—said that this centennial arose with the idea of our association. That is true, in a certain measure; but, as soon as they became warmed up, they forgot about laboring for our association, and they only thought of old Roxbury, and that has been almost their entire idea. [Applause.] I

have been introduced by rather an ancient name to-night ; but I assure you, gentlemen, that we have in our company to-day several of those men who paraded at the time that has been spoken of by the toast-master. We have many of them with us, and we have also many new men. Our association was formed principally to encourage the active company. We have been taught a lesson by the great struggle through which we have passed, and that is,—which was the motto in 1784, when the company was organized, but which was in ill-repute before the war,—“ In time of peace prepare for war.” [Applause.] We, gentlemen, have seen the necessity of that. I believe that the militia companies of this State should not be too numerous, but that they should be good. I believe that they should be to the State what West Point is to the nation, so that every private could be so drilled and perfected in this direction that, should his services be needed in the field, he would be able to come at a moment’s warning. Gentlemen, I do not propose to take up much of the time, but I thank you one and all for the part you have given the Artillery Company in the observance of this day ; and in saying that, it is not a mere compliment. Gentlemen, I cordially give way to some of those older and more eloquent gentlemen to whom you would gladly listen ; but I will give way to no man in my honor, and love, and esteem for Old Roxbury. [Applause.]

Ninth Sentiment.

“THE ROXBURY PULPIT.”

We place within a pastor’s power
A theme where worth and virtue blend;
Reversing here the casuist’s rule,
Our MEANS will justify the end.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN :— I remember, many years ago, when you honored me by making me Mayor of the old city of Roxbury [Applause], that during my administration treason raised its miserable stand-

ard, and I called around me the leading men of Roxbury to assist me in doing what could be done to rescue an endangered country, and for the purpose of giving it back to liberty and to law. And I remember that I then found no more efficient supporter than the Rev. Dr. MEANS, whom I now have the pleasure of presenting to you.

RESPONSE OF THE REV. JOHN O. MEANS, D.D.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: — I am sure you will all agree with me that there is but one man in this city who ought to stand here to-night and respond to this toast to the clergy of Roxbury. It was he whose eloquent lips brought men to sign the rolls in those days to which allusion has been made, and who pleaded for them in the pulpit after they had gone to the field, — our dear friend (Rev. Dr. George Putnam), whose bodily health alone prevents him from being here, and who stands in the lineal succession from the first minister.

It was not merely when the alarm of war rung out a few years ago that the authorities of Roxbury called the clergy to their aid. They have been wont to do this from the first. A hundred years ago Roxbury had no minister, because he had laid down his life for his country when the great struggle for freedom was just commencing. There was then but one church and one meeting-house, which all the inhabitants were expected to attend. No other denomination had come in, nor for forty years afterward did any come in. The meeting-house stood where it now stands. When Washington was beleaguering Boston, in 1775, Roxbury was one of the fortified posts. Rev. Amos Adams, who for twenty-two or three years had been the faithful pastor, was indefatigable in ministering to the troops, as well as to his own people. After preaching faithfully to his congregation, he held a service with a regiment of soldiers in the open air. The exposure, one Sunday, after all his fatiguing labors, says his biographer, brought on a fever, from which he died. So it came about that during the early years of the Revolution this ancient town and church was without a minister.

It is proper to say, and as we are speaking of things a hundred

years ago it is not indelicate to say, that the pulpit of Roxbury has had a large influence in determining the character and growth of the town. I was interested in noticing that our eloquent orator this afternoon occupied no small part of his time in telling what the ministers had said and done. He would not have been true to history, and he would have missed some of the most important materials of history, if he had done otherwise. In the early days of the colony there could be no complete organization of a town till a church had been gathered. There might be two or more churches in one town; there could be no town without one church. In an important sense, therefore, each town had its very beginning in the church. General Sargent has spoken in fit language of Thomas Welde as the first minister, and of the great influence he exerted. But it is a little difficult to say who should be regarded as the first minister of Roxbury. There were often two ministers to each church in those days, one called the pastor and the other called the teacher. Rev. Thomas Welde was ordained as pastor in July, 1632, and in November following Rev. John Eliot was ordained as teacher. Neither alone could be called the minister; the teacher Eliot, I think, was the most of a minister. Mr. Welde took a more active part in the civil affairs of the colony than in the spiritual welfare of the town. In 1641 he went to England, on a political errand, and never returned. John Eliot, on the other hand, lived and labored here unremittingly till his death in 1690, nearly sixty years. He was one of the great lights of New England; his fame filled Europe; he made Roxbury known the world over as the town which had for its minister the great Apostle to the Indians. It seems fair to call John Eliot the first minister.

The town has owed its prosperity in part to the eminent ability and to the celebrity of some of its ministers. In early days they discharged a variety of functions. Eliot was not only one of the founders of our Latin School; by his will he endowed a Grammar School in Jamaica Plain. He was one of the authors of the first book published in English America. The gentlemen of the press will be interested to know that the first printing press brought to English America was procured by a minister, and set up in the house of a minister, President Dunster of Harvard College. The first issue was the Freeman's Oath; the second, an Almanac; the

third issue and first volume was the Bay Psalm Book, which has recently been so much talked about, and one early copy of which has been sold at such a fabulous price. Thomas Welde and John Eliot, the two Roxbury ministers, with Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, were the authors of this famous book.

As our toast-master has been rolling out his rhymes upon us, I have been thinking of a criticism which one of the Cambridge men of that day made upon the Roxbury poets, for there were critics in Cambridge from the earliest times. Mr. Shepard, of Cambridge, addressed the authors of the Bay Psalm Book : —

“ Ye Roxbury poets, keep clear of the crime
Of missing to give us very good rhyme :
And you of Dorchester, your verses lengthen,
But with the text’s own words you will then strengthen.”

We heard many pleasant stories of John Eliot this afternoon. He was facetious and witty, and very entertaining in conversation. Above all he was remarkable for his kindness of spirit and his charity. But there were bounds to his charity. The good minister who gave the poor woman all his quarter’s salary, because he could not untie the knots in his handkerchief in which the prudent parish treasurer, knowing Mr. Eliot’s weakness, had tied up the money, could not abide certain persons,—and many to-day cannot abide them any better; he could not abide the men who part their hair in the middle. “ For men to wear their hair with a luxuriously, fæmenine, delicate prolixity,” says Cotton Mather: “ to preserve no plain distinction of their sex by the hair of their head and face; much more for men to disfigure themselves by hair that is not their own; and, most of all, for ministers of the gospel to ruffle it in excesses of this kind, he could not abide. But the hair of them that professed religion, before his death, became too long for him to swallow, and he would express himself with a boiling zeal concerning it, until at last he gave over, with some regret, complaining ‘ The lust is become insuperable.’ ”

Nowadays clergymen, we are told, have no business to know anything about science. One of our early ministers, Samuel Danforth, a colleague with Eliot from 1650 to 1674, was eminent as a mathematician and astronomer. He published almanacs, and

gave a description of the comet of 1664. Mrs. Eliot, the minister's wife, was "skilled in physies and chirurgery, and dispensed many safe, good and useful medicines unto the poor that had occasion for them; and some hundreds of sick and weak and maimed people owed praises to God for the benefit which therein they freely received of her." At that time, it must be remembered, there was hardly a regular physician in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The testimony of those who have written about the matter is invariably of the great ability, eloquence, learning and piety of the Roxbury ministry. There has been also, on the part of the people, a most honorable and kindly recognition of the services of their pastors. John Eliot would not consent to receive a salary raised by a town rate; it was raised by voluntary contribution. In his extreme age, for fear his people might not be forward, on account of the expense, to procure such additional pulpit ministration as they needed, he proposed to relinquish his salary. "'Tis possible you may think the burden of maintaining two ministers may be too heavy for you: but I deliver you from that fear; I do here give back my salary to the Lord Jesus Christ; and now, brethren, you may fix that upon any man that God shall make a pastor for you." "But his church, with a handsome reply, assured him that they would count his very *presence* worth a salary, when he should be so superannuated as to do no further service for them."

How harmonious have been the relations between the ministers and people of Roxbury appears in the fact that, with the single exception of Thos. Welde, who returned to England, no minister has ever been dismissed,—I speak of the old church which covered the whole ground till recent years; all the pastors have died in office. The pastorate of two of the first ministers, Eliot and his successor, Nehemiah Walter, cover a period of one hundred and eighteen years; and the pastorate of two of the last, Dr. Putnam,—long may he continue among us!—and Dr. Porter, his predecessor, already cover a period of ninety-four years.

Let us hope that in the future, as in the past, the Roxbury pulpit may deserve and may exert an influence for good in all directions, as large as is legitimate.

Tenth Sentiment.

"OUR ROXBURY PATRIARCH."

Once on the vessel's deck he stood, and once he held a pen,
And honors full and plentiful have come to him since then;
At fourscore years he proved himself a seaman good and brave,
For he sailed into the Senate on a sweeping tidal wave.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

Our Roxbury Nestor: our ablest representative of the press: our fifth Mayor: almost our oldest inhabitant, and our youngest Senator. I have the pleasure of presenting to you Hon. JOHN S. SLEEPER. [Applause and three prolonged cheers.]

RESPONSE OF HON. JOHN S. SLEEPER.

MR. PRESIDENT: — I am almost overwhelmed at this welcome, and at the reception I have received from the citizens of Roxbury. I have witnessed the glowing fires of patriotism which this Centennial celebration has kindled among our people, and listened to the stirring, eloquent and exceedingly interesting address of the orator of the day with much gratification, and I gladly seize this opportunity to offer a few remarks of a suggestive nature, on a subject far removed from myself, but somewhat connected with the spirit of this occasion, and in which I feel a deep interest. It is, Mr. President, a singular fact, that that portion of the great city of Boston — that section in which we live, and whose glories and honors we this day commemorate — is no longer known in any official proceedings at Roxbury. It is true we still have our "Roxbury Charitable Society," our "Roxbury Latin School," our "Roxbury Savings Institution," our "Roxbury Athenaeum," and our Roxbury military companies. But Roxbury itself, — old Roxbury, — one of the earliest settled towns in New England, after an

existence of almost two centuries and a half, with a record of which any township or city in the Commonwealth may be proud,—the home of the Apostle Eliot, the Dudleys, the Sumners and the Warrens,—no longer exists! It is not only erased from the map of Massachusetts, but it is no longer met with in the public records! “Boston Highlands” has taken its place,—a name not only inappropriate, but possessing little beauty and no significance. Why this change was effected I could never learn. When it was suggested, soon after the annexation to Boston, I was opposed to it, and lifted my feeble voice against it; but in vain. Time has rather strengthened than weakened my repugnance. A distinguished writer has said that “a rose by any other name will smell as sweet.” I do not believe the assertion. I know that the name “Boston Highlands” does not sound so musically in my ears, or carry such fragrance to my nostrils, as the simple word “Roxbury,” surrounded and beautified and glorified with a halo of pleasing and sacred and patriotic associations. Esau, when pressed by hunger, sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; but the residents of Roxbury, not realizing at the time the revolutionary nature of the act, parted with the long-cherished name of “Roxbury,” without any apparent reason, and without receiving any equivalent; for the name of “Boston Highlands” can never be regarded as such. But there is some consolation left. The name of Roxbury is not irrevocably lost. Boston Highlands, I believe, has never been established by any formal act, and the post-office station is still known as Roxbury throughout the Union. Then let us take back the good old name of Roxbury, which cannot be too often repeated, and which we have reason to regard as a sacred deposit. Let it be restored as identifying the precincts from which it has been so strangely spirited, and let it be firmly fastened there by an adamantine chain.

And now, Mr. President, I will offer as a sentiment, “Roxbury in the past! Roxbury in the present! and Roxbury forever!” [Applause and cheers.]

Eleventh Sentiment.

"THE ROXBURY BAR."

Ambition sought no loftier goal,
Respect could reach no higher,
Than that profound esteem we paid
In old times to the "Squire."

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

I have now the pleasure of introducing to you a gentleman who has probably tried cases for or against almost all of you,—one of the most eloquent representatives of the bar,—Hon. JAMES M. KEITH.

RESPONSE OF HON. JAMES M. KEITH.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—If it be true that I have tried cases either for or against almost all of the gentlemen here, I would infer that I should be the last man that they would desire to hear from. A response to this sentiment would come more fittingly from the Nestor of the bar. I suppose the reason that he is not called upon to respond is on account of the arduous duties that he has performed during the day. My experience with the Roxbury bar dates back thirty years. It is thirty years since I became a citizen of Roxbury, and a student at law; at that time, knowing very few upon these pleasant hills and in these valleys. It was not, sir, the strong attraction of the men of Roxbury that brought me here, but one of the daughters. [Laughter.] And having been drawn by female influence to the citizens of Roxbury, I have never, sir, from that moment, regretted my connection with it. [Applause and laughter.] When I came to Roxbury, the leading men of the bar—and I may say the leading men of the bar of the County of Norfolk—were, first and foremost, the Hon. John J. Clark, who was at that time the first Mayor of the city of Roxbury. He has since filled a high position in the State, and

has received an appointment upon the Superior Bench, which he declined; a practitioner to whom we all look with respect, and whose footsteps we delight to follow. Another of the leading members of the bar of that day, and with whom I came into intimate relations, was the Hon. David A. Simmons, a man who had come from the country into Boston early in life, and fought his way up, inch by inch, to a high position in his profession. He occupied for several years the position of counsellor, under Governor Everett. He had been a senator of the State, and through life retained an active interest in public affairs, and the prosperity of this his adopted home and city. Another distinguished member of the bar was the Hon. Francis J. Hilliard, who has written many text-books on the law. His books upon torts and sales, and mortgages of real property, have a very leading influence to this day. And, although living in a distant city, we still look back with pleasure to our association with him in former times. Another younger member of the bar was the Hon. William Whiting, a leading practitioner in patent cases, and whose recent departure from your midst, after having been elevated to Congress, makes it entirely superfluous for me to dwell upon his many virtues. These were the members of the bar at that time; and since then many younger members have grown up to take their places. And although the Roxbury bar embraces a very small number, I venture to say that its members have taken full rank in all the honors of the profession in proportion to their numbers. It has furnished, during my residence in Roxbury, a judge of the Probate Court, the Hon. William S. Leland, whose services as an upright judge, following in the footsteps of his honored father, who preceded him, you will remember, and you all look back with mournful regret to the many social and pleasant relations of life with him now severed forever. Roxbury has also furnished, as its quota from the bar, a district attorney of the Southeastern District, consisting of Norfolk and Plymouth counties; it has furnished a commonwealth's attorney for the County of Suffolk; it has also furnished in more modern times a Mayor for the city of Boston, and a Governor for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. [Applause.] To what higher and greater honors you may attain,

sir, we know not. [Applause.] But we may say in the language of the weird sisters :—

“ Glamis thou art, and Cawdor,
And shalt be what thou art promised.”

The practice of the profession of the law is a high and honorable one. I have often been amused when the question has been asked in a somewhat quizzical and cynical way, whether an honest man could be a lawyer. [Laughter and applause.] Why, no one but an honest man has any business to be a lawyer. No one but an honest man can conceive the high dignity and honor of the position of a lawyer. The lawyers of this country have marked and fixed the history of the country ; they have fixed its legislation ; and they have given tone and character to the institutions of this country ; they have created respect for the law and its peaceful enforcement ; and to-day if you find a man who is thoroughly grounded in the law, he looks to the Constitution of these United States as the foundation and bulwark of our liberties. I am not responsible, nor is the profession responsible, for the idiosyncrasies of the bar ; but I have the right to say that the man who correctly conceives the duties and assumes the position of a high-toned lawyer has need of all the genius awarded to man ; he has need of all the breadth of mind, of all the knowledge, and science, and art, and labor, and skill which he can command to attain success in the practice of the law. There is no knowledge too high to be of service, and there is nothing so low and remote in the labors and duties of life that is not serviceable as an illustration of the principles that he is called upon to maintain.

Now, sir, turning to another subject, I could not help listening with a great deal of pleasure to the sentiment announced here this evening in honor of the President of the United States, “ whoever he might be now, or in the future.” Any man who is legally elected to that high office should be honored and respected as the chief executive of this great nation. All must feel that no man has any right to give up to party what is due to his country. [Applause.] I believe that the great body of the people, of all

parties, in the United States, are thoroughly honest at heart, and desire the best interests of the country ; and it is not for one party to assume all of the honor, all of the morality, and all of the integrity in the country. It is a base falsehood upon humanity, and upon mankind, for any party to assume that ; the truth is that the great body of the people of all parties are honest and desire the best interest of the country. [Applause.] We have a government of law, and its great significance is, that it is a government of law. Our Constitution provides how our electors shall be chosen by the people, and how their choice shall be inaugurated after he is chosen. The principle of the government is that the majority shall rule ; and when any man is elected by a clear majority, it is the right and the duty of that man to assume the responsibility of the government. [Applause.]

Now, sir, I cannot believe that we have had eighty years' experience in constitutional government for nothing. I cannot believe that this government, that has attained such magnificent results in the past, is to come to naught under the influence of a high party spirit which is unwilling to yield when the majority attained is on the one side or the other. I believe there is still sufficient patriotism and integrity in this country, and in the people, to maintain a republican form of government, however party interests may clash and whoever may be successful. Why, if we all had patriotism enough to defend our country against the assaults of a rebellion organized in one part of the country, haven't we patriotism enough to yield when one party is swept from power by the success of the other? Most assuredly we have. We are not to give up this magnificent republic, extending from ocean to ocean, with its forty millions of people ; we are not to give that up to anarchy and revolution, but in this Centennial year we will not forget the lessons of one year ago, when we sang the song of peace on earth and goodwill to men. We were honest and patriotic then, and we will be honest and patriotic still ; and so let us once more unite and secure peace on earth, and especially peace throughout these reunited States of America. [Applause.]

Twelfth Sentiment.

"THE ROXBURY CITY FATHERS."

"Twas in the days of Auld Lang Syne—the date is not at hand—
There met within our City Hall our primal civic band;
And one was young and Little,—he is old and Little now;
But before his gathered honors we must reverently bow.
He fills up now the city flats, sees the institutions run,
And as a City Father he ranks A No. 1.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN:—I have a high respect for the men who have been members of the City Council of the city of Boston, but I believe that they are in no respect superior to the men who were members of the Board of Aldermen and of the Common Council of the city of Roxbury. I regret that ex-Alderman SAMUEL LITTLE, who was expected to respond to this toast, is not able to be present this evening; and I shall invite Major GEORGE CURTIS to respond in his place. [Applause and cheers.]

RESPONSE OF MAJOR GEORGE CURTIS.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—You may well be sure that I feel embarrassed in rising to respond to this toast, and I regret that Mr. Little is not present. But, gentlemen, when I was called to take part in this celebration, I thought that it belonged to some other citizen who is recognized in some of the old organizations. But I always stand ready to perform my duty when called upon, and I accepted the position I have taken to-day: and as I have ever found it in the city of Roxbury, the military are always on hand whether it rains or shines. I was perfectly astonished to find so many military and citizens out on this stormy day. But, as I said, when you call upon the militia of Roxbury they always turn out. It gives me great pleasure to find that the military of Roxbury

keeps up its organization. But I want to say that the military of Roxbury are not supported by what they get from the State, and they have to put their hands into their pockets to keep up their organization. And I want to say to the citizens that it is their duty to put their hands into their pockets and see to it that not one of the military companies should want for funds to keep up their organization. [Applause.] In response to the toast I will relate a little incident which occurred in the Mayor's office whilst I was one of the Aldermen. Mayor Dearborn, whom you all knew, was a very popular man amongst us, and an honored and respectable citizen, who has now gone to his long home. This occasion was a time when the firemen had petitioned for pay. They never received pay in those days, and they had come to the Board of Aldermen for it. A meeting of the committee was called to see what to do about paying the firemen. As you very well know, we had a City Clerk of Roxbury who held the position a great many years, and whom we all loved to honor; and we think a great deal of him at the present time. His head is now covered with white hair, and we honor him to-day [Joseph W. Tucker]. [Applause.] His Honor the Mayor opened the meeting of the committee, and this gentleman [Mr. Tucker] came in. He said to the Mayor, "It will never do to pay these firemen in the world." — "Well, what shall we do?" — "If you pay those firemen you will have the whole of the citizens down on you." — "Well," says his Honor, "what shall we do? Shall we pay them, or shall we not?" — "Well, if you do not pay them you will have the whole firemen of the city down on you." Mayor Dearborn turned round in his quiet way, and said, "Well, Mr. Clerk, what shall we do?" — "Do the best you can under the existing circumstances." [Laughter.] Gentlemen, in conclusion I offer you the sentiment, "The military of Roxbury: may their light never be less than at the present time." [Applause.]

Thirteenth Sentiment.

"THE ROXBURY MECHANIC."

He builds, and paints, and mends first-rate,
And his plumbing we can brag on,
And never does our patience tire
In waiting for the wagon.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

For this body of men, who have done so much for the growth and the honor of Old Roxbury, I invite Capt. JOHN A. SCOTT to respond. [Applause and cheers.]

RESPONSE OF CAPT. JOHN A. SCOTT.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I fully appreciate the honor that is conferred upon me on this occasion to speak for so large a body of men as is represented here to-night in the Roxbury mechanics: for I find, as my eye runs over this hall, that I am speaking for the largest representation of those here. And, although these gray hairs have cropped out and the hair dye has failed to conceal them, yet I feel that I am but a stripling when I look around and see so many mechanics here whose years number threescore and ten; and, therefore, I feel it more of an honor to speak for so honorable a body of men. The organization which I represent in a military point of view—the Old Roxbury Artillery—has always been composed of mechanics, and I could not help thinking, when listening to Gen. Sargent, why this organization lasted so long was because, when it was first started, its first commander, he told us, was a minister. He laid the foundation well, and then the mechanics built upon that good foundation. [Applause.]

From the time of the Old Roxbury Artillery down to the City Guards its commanders were mechanics, and I believe the officers were men made up from that class; and I could not but think

to-night, when Gen. Sargent was telling us of the mischief which occurred at Bunker Hill,—when the quarter-master failed to see that the balls would not fit the guns,—that if some of these Roxbury bummers had been there, they would have made the holes fit the balls [Loud laughter and applause], and then they would have been ready to fire the charge [Applause]: because I have never known this old organization to be in such a place that they could not find themselves out. I remember, when but a boy, seeing them march under command of the venerable John M. Stanton (who is not able to be here to-night on account of ill-health), to Portland, and all the citizens turned out to see them; and the women were so enthusiastic that they stayed in camp all night, and the question arose among those military men, What shall we do to make room for these ladies? The Roxbury men soon found a way. They fixed the tents into berths, and gave the women the lower berths. [Applause and laughter.] As they came marching home behind the old Boston Brass Band, under the leadership of Flagg, though tired from fatigue, when we came up State street every man braceed up and walked like a boy. And when I look around to-night, and see how many Roxbury boys are here,—and you can count them upon the ends of your fingers, because they are scattered all over the State,—and I am happy to say one who went down to build Rhode Island is here to-night, and so they are here from Maine to Georgia. They are sometimes called the mud-sills of society: yet when those mechanics of Roxbury have constructed the printing-press, and have been at the laying of the foundation of almost every good institution started in this country, I have thought that they were not only mud-sills, but the very top-stones of society. [Applause.]

I feel that, although honorably as the clergy, and the bar, and the Legislature have been represented here to-night, the Roxbury mechanic is second to none [Applause]; and it has stirred my soul to its very depths to-day, when I have seen gathered here these old white-haired men, these men who have spent so many happy hours and years together, that have been separated for years and have now come together to-day, and we see them shaking the friendly hand; and, while their bodies are tottering, we see the fire flash from their eyes, and I feel that the grip they gave each

other brought up recollections of a happy boyhood. I was glad to be here, and I am glad to be permitted to speak for those men at this gathering. I feel that it is an honor to speak for the Roxbury mechanics, and I feel that it is an honor to be a member of the Roxbury Artillery Association. They have always been ready when called upon. On this occasion they were called upon at short notice, and you all see how goodly a representation they have here to-night. I hope, gentlemen, that when we are called here again, we shall have as many, if not more, and that you will never forget the old organizations, and that you will always feel a pride in the anniversaries of these old organizations. In behalf of the committee who have arranged this celebration, I thank you for your presence here to-night, and for your assistance in this anniversary. [Applause.]

Fourteenth Sentiment.

"THE OLD ROXBURY FIREMAN."

When flames commence their mad career,
And devastate with savage ire,
The best of "Munroe doctrine" is
To rush *the engine* to the fire.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

For these gallant and faithful men I think you will all agree with me that none other than Capt. JAMES MUNROE, the head of the old Roxbury Fire Department, should respond. [Applause.] I will call upon him.

Capt. Munroe was unavoidably absent, and there was no response.

Fifteenth Sentiment.

"Post 26, Grand Army of the Republic."

Brave men in war, modest in peace,
They bring the laurels from afar;
No nobler title can they wear
Than comrades of the G. A. R.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

As citizens of Roxbury we are all proud that there were born on our soil men by whom American liberty, in her infancy, was rocked. We are proud that in the subsequent war with Great Britain there were men from Roxbury who gallantly defended the flag which their fathers first flung to the breeze. And in the recent war of the Rebellion we are proud that the sons of Roxbury proved themselves worthy of their fathers, and came to the rescue of an endangered republic. I have the pleasure of calling upon Colonel GILES H. RICH to respond to this toast. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF COLONEL GILES H. RICH, PAST COMMANDER OF POST 26, G. A. R.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I am quite overwhelmed with the feeling that the task of replying for the Grand Army has accidentally fallen on this occasion into very incompetent hands. I plead guilty to one charge in the sentiment, and that is the charge of modesty. I did not come here expecting to reply to any toast. The one who is in the position to reply, and who should be expected to do so, is not present. I believe he sent a letter, and I think it had better be read; and if you are not satisfied with that, our worthy toast-master himself could have spoken words fitting the subject and the occasion which I am not competent to do. The Grand Army of the Republic, as we all know, is composed entirely of those who went forth in the late rebellion—which I may say with some modesty—to save the country. How much the great

suecess was indebted to their efforts, or how much it was indebted to a higher power, it is not necessary to discuss; the gratitude of the nation has placed the responsibility of success upon them. They did their duty, as they understood it, and as well as they could, and returned home. When they returned home, sir, they found that their duties were not yet completed: they found the widows and orphans of comrades, who had laid down their lives in defense of their country,—comrades whom they had assisted to bury beneath the southern soil,—they found these widows and orphans dependent to a certain extent upon them,—not actually dependent upon their purses, but dependent upon these returned soldiers to keep alive a public sentiment which we know is very apt to die unless some means are adopted to strengthen and sustain it. It seemed necessary, therefore, that these returned soldiers should organize into an association for such a purpose. It seems to me, sir, that no object could be more holy than that. How well it has succeeded it is not necessary to call to mind. I venture to say that in Roxbury no disabled soldier, no widow of a deceased soldier, and no fatherless child of a departed comrade, has been actually obliged to suffer from want. I believe the reason of that lies chiefly in the exertions of the Grand Army of the Republic.

We have heard a great deal to-night about old Roxbury. I was not born in this city, though reared here from early life; but I have long since learned to revere the name, and have been glad to love and honor the citizens of Roxbury. I am glad to see, presiding over this banquet, one who, although he has partly expatriated himself from our midst, by his presence to-night shows that his heart is with us still, and that he is true to the old name. I am glad that old Roxbury has answered the call and seconded the efforts of those who have endeavored to carry out the objects of our organization. I know of no place in the Commonwealth, and I am aware of no place in the country, where our organization has been so liberally seconded by the patriotic, large-minded citizens of a district, as Post 26 has been supported by these liberal spirits in our midst. It is significant of the same patriotic spirit that, as we have learned to-day, has prevailed in Roxbury from its earliest existence: and I have no doubt that that spirit will continue in this place so long as there is any necessity for the Grand Army. Mr.

Chairman, the Grand Army of the Republic, as I said, is composed of men upon whom the defence of the nation was placed. If there shall be a time, hereafter, when the nation shall be in danger, I confidently assure you that they will be as ready to respond then as they were in the past. [Applause.]

Sixteenth Sentiment.

"THE OLD ROXBURY TOWN OFFICERS."

No praises from our lips shall fall
More cheerful or more fervent,
Than those which honor and commend
The faithful public servant.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN:—The words "Roxbury Town Officers" recall to my mind, and to your minds, the name of a gentleman who has gone to his rest. I refer to JOSEPH W. DUDLEY, the Town Treasurer and City Treasurer of Roxbury [Applause], and I know you will pardon me for availing myself of this opportunity to render a passing tribute to his great heart, and to his patriotic and faithful public services. Roxbury would not be Roxbury without the presence of our venerable City Clerk, whom I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, with the assurance that he will "do the best he can under the circumstances." [Laughter and loud applause.]

RESPONSE OF JOSEPH W. TUCKER, ESQ., FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF THE LAST BOARD OF SELECTMEN OF THE TOWN, AND CITY CLERK OF ROXBURY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I did not think of making a speech at this late hour of the night. My friend Mr. Clarke has called himself an old man; but I speak to you to-night as a young man [Applause and laughter], although I was born many years

before him. What I want to impress upon your minds to-night, young men of Roxbury, is, to preserve the old name of Roxbury. [Applause.] My friend Capt. Sleeper has anticipated me in some remarks I intended to make. I do not like the name Boston Highlands. [Cries of "Good!" Long applause.] I want people to remember Roxbury when they post their letters. If they send their letters to Roxbury, they will come direct to Roxbury; if they send them to Boston Highlands, they will go round about, and probably be found at the dead-letter office. [Applause and laughter.] The name of old Roxbury, sir, is dear to me, for I have lived here many years; and my friends have been here who have done me many favors which I shall never forget. Why, sir, when I presided at a town meeting in 1840, I could call almost every man by name who was at the head of a family; but now, sir, I hardly know anybody, times have changed so much. Then, sir, we did business up quick. It didn't take so long to make a President then as it does now. [Applause, laughter, and renewed applause.] We were faithful, we were true, sir, and we meant to be true. The old Roxbury town officers did business straight; they didn't keep their books by double entry. [Laughter and applause.] They didn't have to make two entries for everything; but they made one entry, and there it stood correctly [Applause], and if their cash was short they put their hands into their pockets and made it good. [Applause and laughter.] Why, Mr. President, when I settled with my predecessor, when I took the office of Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, he put his hand into his pocket, took out a roll of bills and some change, handed them to me, and said, "That is the balance I owe the town." I said, "All right." I have no doubt it was all correct to a cent. He kept the accounts in his head [Laughter and applause], but his heart was right, sir, and those men always had their heads clear. [Applause.] Why, sir, speaking of the "Norfolk Guards," I joined them in 1823; and I speak of it at this time because fifty-one years ago the seventeenth of last June, on that beautiful and that bright morning after a storm, which we expected would last over that day, I, sir, went out in that company, with my uniform on, at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument. I never felt better in my life, and no man could have felt prouder than I when I went out to

do duty for that noble man, General Lafayette, to escort him to Bunker Hill [Applause]; that man who came here nearly fifty years before to help us make a country,—and we made it, and we have kept it. [Applause.] Why, sir, it seemed as if it was play for us, that day; it seemed as if the good God had watered the streets and washed everything clean; he gave us his bright sun to cheer us on our way, and we marched as I think men never marched before; and every man of us did our duty, and we did it the best we could. And there is another circumstance. Fifty years ago the fifth day of last September, we marched,—because we never rode then; we marched everywhere,—and we went to Salem; and we manoeuvred on Salem common for over two hours. We took our dinner there, and after four o'clock in the afternoon, with all our accoutrements on for camp duty, we marched to the old town-house in Roxbury, with the thermometer at nearly 90°; and when we reached there we were nearly tired out, I assure you. But we did the work and felt proud that we accomplished it as we did. Now, I want to say to the young men, try to reinstate the name of old Roxbury. I don't want to have Boston Highlands come in first. I don't object to calling it the Highlands of Boston; but if anybody asks you where the Highlands of Boston are, tell them they are in that part of Boston called Roxbury. [Long-continued applause.] I didn't think of speaking so long, Mr. President; but I will close by giving you a sentiment: "The name of old Roxbury; may it never be forgotten, but be remembered as the birthplace of Warren and the many brave soldiers and patriotic men who have lived here." [Loud applause.]

Capt. Scott called for three cheers for "one of the men who marched at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument," and the whole company responded with vigor.

Seventeenth Sentiment.

"THE ROXBURY HORSE GUARDS."

They mounted full a hundred men upon their last parade:
Their colors were all scarlet, their steeds were all milk-white.
Though guns should roar and foes should charge, they would not be
dismayed —
For never was a man unhorsed or Horse Guard put to flight.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

I feel a special interest in this organization. It was created during my mayoralty, and for a patriotic purpose, which it faithfully performed. The organization has survived the purpose of its origin. It has become a part of the militia of the Commonwealth. It was an honor to Roxbury; it is an honor to Boston and the State. I invite Capt. A. A. HALL, its commander, to respond for it. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF CAPT. A. A. HALL.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—As I gaze around this hall, I notice here lots of our fine members, officers mixed in line with the gentlemen who wore red coats this afternoon, and I can assure you I feel almost as though I were speaking to them in my own armory. I assure you, gentlemen, that I appreciate the enthusiasm you have manifested, not only to-night, at the supper-table, but at the church this afternoon: and further than that, I appeal to you, by the warmest sentiments of your hearts, to uphold the militia of Massachusetts so long as they are worthy to be upheld. If you desire your children to be educated in the military arm of the public service, then, gentlemen, such organizations as the Horse Guards, with their old-time prestige, in which we learned the duties of a soldier, should not be forgotten. Gentlemen, there may be a little crying against the militia,—this or that one may cry "Wolf;" but yet, in spite of the man who does cry "Wolf" against

the militia, and against the volunteer army of the United States, mark me, we will still maintain the militia, and in nine times out of ten they will be prepared to meet the enemy at a moment's warning. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I will close with a sentiment : —

"THE ROXBURY HORSE GUARDS. — May they survive in all their grandeur to see their next Centennial; and, as time rolls by, may that glorious emblem of liberty, which God, in His infinite wisdom, gave to our country, still wave over you with neither star nor stripe erased: and may the people from the gulf and the lakes, from the Atlantic and the Pacific, from the North and the South, live to enjoy full and equal rights under it."

[Applause, and three cheers for the Horse Guards.]

Eighteenth Sentiment.

"THE ROXBURY CITY GUARD."

Though here a sound democracy universally prevails,
Yet the captain of this company is a very Prince of Wales.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

This company is the successor of the old Roxbury Artillery Company, and has nearly reached its hundredth year. At the time of the war of the Rebellion, it faithfully performed its duty; it went into the service, and, by its bearing in the camp, on the march, and on the field of battle, it was an honor to Roxbury. I invite Capt. B. READ WALES to respond for it. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF CAPT. B. READ WALES.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND CITIZENS OF OLD ROXBURY: — I find myself in rather an anomalous position to-night, for I was born and bred across the way in old Dorchester; and while I have the honor

to command the Old Roxbury City Guard, I still do not forget my own old town. However, I need to say very little about the Roxbury City Guard; those who have preceded me have spoken of them nobly and well. They need no eulogium; you know what they have been in the past, you all see what they are in the present; and it shall be our aim that they hold the same high place in the future.

Gentlemen, in returning you our sincere thanks for the cordial support we always have received at your hands, we ask you to give us that needed support in the future. [Applause, and three cheers for the Roxbury City Guard.]

Nineteenth Sentiment.

"THE ROXBURY HOME GUARD."

"Tis true they saw no foeman's face, nor far from hearthstone did they roam;
But bless, forever bless, the men who fed the loyal flame at home.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

This company, gentlemen, was created for a patriotic service during the time of the war, and, as Gen. Swift says, this service was to be performed at home. It was a necessary service, and I am happy to bear testimony that it was most faithfully performed. I invite Colonel E. C. WYMAN, its former commander, to respond for it. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF COL. EDWARD C. WYMAN.

MR. PRESIDENT: — I thank you, sir, and this committee, for the opportunity to be present to-night. I know that the past members of the Home Guard experience great pleasure in looking upon their old comrades, and particularly upon those whose fortunes have led them away from old Roxbury, and who have come back

here to-night ; and in seeing so many happy faces, and in grasping the hands of those they love so well. I do not believe that a person has gone forth from old Roxbury, with all its glorious memories of the past, but thinks it is the most pleasant place in the world ; and as he comes back he is sure to find the place of all his pleasant memories. Your toast-master has called upon me to respond to a toast to the "Home Guard." I know it is popular to poke fun at the Home Guard; but I think you will bear me out in saying it was not entirely an easy task. We had some difficulties to encounter, and some delicate duties to perform. Your toast-master will remember that when he recruited his company it was no easy task. I heard him speak forty nights, and never repeat the same speech once ; and when he spoke the last time he had nearly recruited his company, and one or two men were wanting, and then a grand rally was held and he let off a grand speech. I recollect saying that this last man must be got ; and he said that he must have one more pull, and cited an instance of the engineer who launched the Great Eastern ; when all other means had failed, the engineer cried out, " Wet down the ropes!" and when they were wet the mighty ship moved ; he called for a pail of water, and wet down the ropes, and two days later he was off for camp ; and before he left, the Home Guard procured a sword and presented it to him, and he bore it off ; and I have no doubt that many a rebel heart trembled at the sight of it. [Applause and laughter.]

Mr. President, you will recollect that we had many curious scenes in those days. Sometimes there was pleasure, sometimes scares. I recollect that during the riots of 1863 we got into a considerable excitement, and thought the enemy really upon us ; and our anxiety was really not only to keep the enemy off, but to keep ourselves out of the draft. There was considerable excitement about the safety of the State House. I recollect that Col. Rogers and myself were sent for to come up to City Hall ; and when we got there we found a large cannon mounted, and pointed at the top of Dr. Thompson's church, and as we went in we tried not to get in front of that gun. [Laughter.] When we got in we found the City Government in a state of great excitement. They had heard that we were about to leave the city to protect the

State House, and they urged us not to leave till they had time to consult. I was finally sent to Boston, where I found the city in a state of great excitement; but they sent back word to stay where we were, and the State sent out a battery to my support. I was somewhat in doubt what to do with that battery. Major Jeffries, a West Point man, was in command; he put on a stiff upper lip, and said he would go into line; and they went into line, and I have never heard from them since. [Laughter and applause.] There are many incidents connected with the Home Guard that I should be happy to relate; but as only three minutes are allowed I will give up, hoping that those who come after us will enjoy themselves as much as we have. [Applause.]

Twentieth Sentiment.

"THE ROXBURY MEDICAL FRATERNITY."

Though allopath and homeopath may cure our many ills,
There is a path we all must take — the path to Forest Hills.

INTRODUCTION BY GEN. SWIFT.

With your permission, Mr. Chairman, as I see no other doctor within the range of my vision, I will call upon Dr. CUSHING WEBBER to respond to this toast; and, as he made a good hit thirty years ago, he certainly can show us his skill now.

RESPONSE OF DR. CUSHING WEBBER.

I am very grateful for the honor you have extended to me of making a speech. I did not come expecting to do any such thing. I had no idea of being called upon, and if I had, I should have got something ready to say. Our toast-master tells of a hit I once made. I must tell you, gentlemen, that

it was an accident. On a certain occasion, about thirty years ago, when I was a member of the Roxbury Artillery, it was proposed to go out for a target-shoot. We assembled at the old Armory near Dr. Putnam's church. An old friend of mine was present, and thought he would like to march by me. I said I should be happy to have his company, if he would assist me in putting on the corporation uniform, as I didn't know how to do it very well. He got the belt, and put it around me, but a certain part of it did not come in the right place. I couldn't find the place to put my bayonet, and some one laughed, and the gentleman referred to (who was Mr. Daniel Green) said, "Gentlemen, you needn't laugh; the doctor and I will make you laugh on the other side of your heads, for we are going to take the first medals,—the doctor will take the first, and I will take the second." I remarked that, as he had been out before, I should like to take the first shot; and he said that he was perfectly willing, and I should have it certainly. Away we marched out to South Boston, and beyond the Mt. Washington House, and there on the green we assembled to shoot at the target. There were two men on my left, I remember, and Mr. Green stood on my right. The two men on my left fired, and did not hit the target. I was rather slight of build, and not very strong. The old musket was very heavy, and the bore very smooth; it did not resemble very nearly the guns used for target practice; but I got it up high in this way [Pointing, as with a gun, toward the upper part of the hall], because I could hold it more easily; and when it came down, I fired away, and, fortunately, my bullet entered the very centre of the bull's-eye. The gentleman attending to the target said that nobody there could beat that; but Mr. Green raised his gun, and said, "I will see what I can do." He fired, and, fortunately, he cut out half of my hole. I took the first, and he took the second prize. That is my story, and, I suppose, that is what the General wished to hear. [Applause.]

Now, all those who wish to learn the heroic practice of administering Black Powders and Blue Pills successfully, in healing national diseases, such as wars, bull-dozing, etc., I will recommend to join the Old Roxbury Artillery Association.

Twenty-first Sentiment.

"THE OLD ROXBURY SCHOOL-BOY."

When in old-fashioned days of yore
The Schoolmaster was abroad,
They measured duty on the back,
By the descending rod.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

I invite to respond to this toast a gentleman who is deeply interested in all that pertains to old Roxbury, and who has rendered most faithful service in her city government and on her school board, FRANKLIN WILLIAMS, Esq.

RESPONSE OF FRANKLIN WILLIAMS, ESQ.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I feel highly complimented by the sentiment which has been given me to respond to, and I also feel complimented by the allusion of the orator, this afternoon, to the name of Williams. As an humble representative of that name I feel proud, because that name has borne an honorable part in the history of the town of Roxbury, from its earliest settlement to the present time; and yet I feel that I am not a good representative of the name I bear, for it has made itself felt all over the country. In the present Congress there are seven members bearing the name of Williams, and there have been men of that name in Congress from its first organization down to the present time. But, Mr. Chairman, I am glad to respond for "the old School-Boys of Roxbury," for I love them; every son of Roxbury who attended our schools has a warm place in my heart. I loved them in their youth and I respect them in their old age; and I never see a company of boys and girls on their way to school, that my mind does not turn back to the time when Doctor Prentiss, Deacon Billy, Jack Frost, Masters Eastman, Tower and Parker presided over the schools of Roxbury. I certainly remember them all; and I well remember,

as if it were but a few days ago, how the old school-master I last attended looked, as he sat in his seat, oftentimes asleep, and called up his scholars for a merited whipping. And now he quietly rests in the old burial-ground on Eustis street. He fought a good fight, and I may say of him, as I may of Capts. Gibbs, Doggett, Spooner and Meriam of the old "Norfolk Guards," —

"They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle;
No sound shall awake them to glory again."

But I am speaking for the old school-boys of Roxbury. I say I love them, and I love the streets of Roxbury; but I love them better as they were fifty years ago, when they were unencumbered by buildings or improvements, than as they are to-day. With what affection I look back upon the "Hay Bridge," "Ned's Hill," "The Crossway," "Mill-dam," "The Point," "Tory Hill," "Smith's Pond," "Hawes' Pond," and many another charming spot, when in their primitive and natural beauty! I loved Tommy's Rock and Smelt Brook,—every myrtle vine, every blackberry bush and every barberry bush. I loved even the snakes as they crawled among the crevices, and the cows grazing upon the pastures. Each spot has a deep and abiding place in my heart.

And now, Mr. Chairman,—I say it reverently,—my days are few. The whitening hair, and the deafening ear give notice to me and many others that our days on this earth are few; but I can say this,—if I should be called upon to go, I would prefer to go in the spring-time, when the flowers of old Roxbury are in bloom, when the turtles and frogs are piping again their earliest notes, when the willow has brought once more its vernal beauty; and, instead of having upon my bier the choicest flowers of the greenhouse, I would prefer that they would go back to Tommy's Rock, and cull for me the May-flower, the honeysuckle, the blue violet, and the blueberry blossom, as the fittest decoration that friends could bring; and it would mingle delightfully with the murmurs of a coming joy to hear in my departing moments once more the rushing waters of "Stony Brook." And, when all is over and I shall be quietly resting at Forest Hills, place over me no Italian or Egyptian marble; search not in New Hampshire, Quincy, or else-

where for the choicest granite; but simply go to yonder rocky ledge, cut out a shaft of the old Roxbury pudding-stone, and erect it o'er my grave, showing to every beholder that beneath its enduring and rustic beauty sleeps a loyal son and school-boy of old Roxbury. [Applause.]

Twenty-second Sentiment.

"ROXBURY AS A PART OF THE CAPITAL."

Shall we unite or not unite,
Was a sea we once were tossed on;
Shall Roxbury go it all alone,
Or shall she go to Boston?
That was the vital question;
It worried one and all,
Till we compromised it neatly —
We took the Capital.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

I have the pleasure of introducing to you, gentlemen, to respond to this toast, a gentleman whom we all know and respect, and to whose zealous labors we are all largely indebted for the success of this celebration. L. FOSTER MORSE, Esq.

RESPONSE OF L. FOSTER MORSE, ESQ.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: — I hardly know how to respond to the sentiment read by the toast-master, for I expected that he would place me on another line altogether. As he says, the question was, "Shall we unite, or go it alone?" Well, I was in favor of uniting; not that I loved Roxbury less, for I love Roxbury as well as any man in this hall: I love her streets, her rocks, and her people. Why, we have the finest property, the finest building lots. The only healthy place within the city of Boston, to-day, is

in old Roxbury : and while we love it so well, should we deny its benefits to the citizens of Boston? Should we be selfish and keep it? Or should we allow them to settle within our borders, and we be one with them? These were my reasons for favoring annexation ; and the growth of Roxbury shows that we have done a good thing. We annexed with twenty-five thousand people, and now within the limits of old Roxbury we have sixty thousand, and land enough for a hundred and fifty ; yes, three hundred thousand, besides West Roxbury. The time is coming when business shall so increase that all the low lands will be needed for commercial purposes, and people will be obliged to live on the high lands ; and then if we have the same feeling that we have now, we will change the name of Boston and call it all Roxbury. "The voice of the people is the voice of God," and if the voice of the people wish to call it Roxbury, it will be called Roxbury. Let us look back a little. We had "Pigeon Lane," "Tommy's Rocks," "Grab Village," "Clay Hill," "Hogg's Bridge," "Tory Hill," "Sodom Turnpike," "The Point," and all those places ; and where are they? They have gone. You don't want to tell me that you live on "Pigeon Lane." Perhaps that sounded well two hundred years ago. But I would rather live on a street. Then "Tommy's Rock" is almost gone. It is the high land. My friend Swift lives there, and that is what makes him so healthy. Before he lived out here he was sickly. Lots of physicians moved out here ; but they did not have any practice, for they found that people who had lived here a long time were healthy, and only those were sickly who had lived here a short time and brought their diseases with them. [Laughter.] The doctors did not find any increase in business. My friend Tucker has seen lots of people live here for ninety years.

Gen. SWIFT. Some of them are a little gray. [Laughter.]

Mr. MORSE. It is the Centennial crop. Six months ago my hair was darker than yours, and my head was not bald on top as is yours, either. [Loud laughter.] I got sick, my hair came out and I lost it all ; but I got a new crop just in time for the Centennial ; but now it is changing, and in six months it will be dark again. If a man didn't live in old Roxbury he couldn't have raised such a clean crop of hair. I have been asked why I didn't buy a wig. I didn't buy a wig because I knew I wouldn't need it here.

We are going to have another thing soon, but the hard times have put it back; and that is the Joseph Warren Monument. [Applause.] We are going to report progress here. It took twenty-five or thirty years to build Bunker Hill Monument. We began it some time ago, but the panic came along, and then the hard times followed. But we have got a little money; we have a good lot seemed; we have received cannon enough from the government to make a statue; and by and by, when we get a President elected, and business becomes good again, we are going to start out; and we are coming to every man in this hall and make him subscribe for the Warren Monument. [Loud applause.] I am glad it meets with so hearty a response. I know that all we need to raise money to build this monument is to call upon the people; but it takes a great deal of brass now to ask a man to give something outside of the family. But the time is coming when we can do it, and when we adjourn to-night I hope we shall adjourn to meet at the dedication of the Joseph Warren Monument. [Long-continued applause.]

Twenty-third Sentiment.

"THE ROXBURY CARPET-BAGGER."

They come from every compass point,
And occupy each vacant space;
And as the native son goes out,
The "carpet-bagger" takes his place.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

I have the pleasure of introducing to you, for the purpose of responding to this toast, a gentleman who has represented you with honor and credit in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the Commonwealth — Hon. ALBERT PALMER. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF HON. ALBERT PALMER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:— I say sincerely that, amid the feast of sacred and ancient memories of which we have come to partake to-night, I feel like an intruder, and that I should have no right to be introduced to this audience except under such an equivocal title as the toast-master has announced — “The Roxbury Carpet-bagger.” I could not persuade myself to consent to respond to it, gentlemen, if I thought there was a single one of the revered fathers of this ancient town who has not spoken; and, if there is one here who has not spoken, and who will not speak because I take up the time, and I find it out, I will never forgive myself, and you will never forgive me, for this intrusion. I appeal to the ministers here if I overstate the matter when I say, in the language of the old Scripture, that we are summoned here to-night to go round about our Zion, and mark her bulwarks and count the towers thereof, that we may tell it to the generation following. Mr. President, I am glad of the opportunity to say to-night that I recognize in the sentiment which has been read the welcome of Roxbury to every incomer to this ancient city who comes here with the earnest desire to co-operate with the fathers in building up into a greater and higher prosperity this honored city of the Commonwealth. [Applause.] I thought at first there would be no constituency here to whom I could speak, as a “carpet-bagger,” in Roxbury; and yet I am reminded that this very city is a monument to the activity of those ancient “carpet-baggers” who landed here some two centuries ago. I heard, sir, from your lips of one of the first apostolic “carpet-baggers” who pitched his tent on this hill, and made every inch of that soil sacred for all time to come. [Applause.]

I am reminded, Mr. President, of another carpet-bagger — of that hero and statesman, Governor Dudley — who lived here and helped to make it famous for all time to come, even to the end of the world. And I am also reminded, by the sentiment which has been read, that Roxbury is a carpet-bag city, and that Massachusetts is a carpet-bag State. She welcomes them all to her borders; and then, in the activity of her intellect, and in all the distinguish-

ing energies that press forth on every side, she sends them into every city to plant anew and re-establish, all over these United States, all those ideas which flourish in the city of Roxbury and the State of Massachusetts. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I know there is some venerable father of this city who will yet speak to us to-night, and, in concluding, will offer you this sentiment:—

The Old and the New Founders, Fathers, Sons and Carpet-baggers. We will all clasp hands to-night in one common supplication to the God of our Fathers, that He will bless forever this dear old city of Roxbury! [Applause.]

Twenty-fourth Sentiment.

"WEST ROXBURY — OUR RURAL SISTER."

As in the good old times, we meet,
Within our common bounds again;
The reason of this welcome now,
Is like her own Jamaica Plain.

INTRODUCTION BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN: — I take sincere pleasure in presenting to you a representative of an old and honored family of Roxbury, a worthy inheritor of the name he bears, J. HERMAN CURTIS. [Applause.]

RESPONSE OF J. HERMAN CURTIS, ESQ.

GENTLEMEN: — I am most happy to be present at the festive board on this occasion, and to meet my old comrades of the "Norfolk Guards." I noticed among them many with whom I stood shoulder to shoulder on Bunker Hill fifty years ago, at the laying of the corner-stone; and quite a number that were in that famous Salem march that my friend Tucker spoke of, when we left Salem at four o'clock in the afternoon, to march to Roxbury, with knapsacks and blankets. I do not doubt that many of the boys in blue

suffered much on the forced march to reach Gettysburg in order to save Washington; but I doubt if they suffered more than our men did, as we were under the most strict disciplinarians, who knew no such word as "tired." We have heard much said about old Roxbury by my friend Clarke. No man spent more money than I to defeat annexation of West Roxbury. When the war closed, West Roxbury did not owe a dollar; and we were the only town in the State in that condition. We enlisted men, raised money, and carried on many improvements; and we paid for everything as we went. But when that fatal day came, we were defeated; we became a part of Boston, and accepted it with a good grace; and with such an administration as we have had for the past three years, I, for one, feel proud of being a citizen of Boston. [Applause] I see a great many here whom I know, and a great many whom I do not know; but I am particularly pleased to see so many of the "Norfolk Guards" and take them by the hand. Before we left our head-quarters a roll was presented to every man to sign his name and age, and I was surprised to see how many of that number were threescore years and ten. I will detain you no longer, gentlemen, as there are a great many here who will interest you much more than I can. [Applause.]

Twenty-fifth Sentiment.

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

The hourly sands are running out from this, our festive meeting,
Our "Roxbury Day" is on the wane — may others come with greeting.
Our last words, as our first ones, of Roxbury make mention;
To keep her memory ever green is now our pledged intention.
We love this old historic spot — its memorable places;
We love its honorable names, and all its friendly faces;
We love the piety and nerve of those who did begin her —
And more, we love the living hearts that beat to-day within her.
Oh! may the blessings of our God around her children hover;
Both native and adopted sons plead, "Bless the dear old mother."
And wishing those who hear me now exemption from disaster,
I now resign, with many thanks, my office of Toast-master.

[Loud applause.]

The Last Sentiment.

GEN. SWIFT said: I have now one special toast:—

“The Better Half of Roxbury — The Women.”

I propose that it be responded to by three cheers.

The company enthusiastically responded to the call with three rousing cheers; and then there were cries of “SWIFT!” “SWIFT!” from all parts of the hall. Gen. SWIFT responded as follows:—

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for the warmth of the reception you give me, but I have actually exhausted myself in these poetic attempts, and I dare not trust myself to common prose. If I live I hope to meet this people once more in another celebration; but I have retired for the present to private life. [Applause and appreciative laughter.]

CLOSING REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN.

GENTLEMEN:—In behalf of Old Roxbury, and of all those who love and honor her name and her history, I thank you for your attendance to-night. Let not her name die out with the century just closed, but let it go into the century to come.

This sentiment was loudly applauded, and three cheers were given for Gov. Gaston.

The company joined in singing “Auld Lang Syne;” and thus ended a celebration never to be forgotten by every participant, and which occupies no insignificant place in the long list of local ceremonies commemorative of events which made the Centennial Year of the American Republic a possibility.

NOTES ON THE CELEBRATION.

The Norfolk Guards Association was organized specially for the occasion, through the efforts of Captain Guild, John F. Newton, Esq., Mr. John Dove, and other well-known citizens and former active members. The company was organized in 1818; was reorganized in 1838, after a temporary intermission, and was disbanded in 1855. Captain Guild was the only commissioned officer of the company present; he commanded the corps about 1846, during some of the palmiest days of its history. Captain Guild furnished a room in Guild Row for a temporary armory, and during the week preceding the celebration those veteran volunteers met for preparatory drill, as many as thirty, forty and fifty appearing together on the same evening. The hour preceding the forming of the procession was spent in the same laudable manner, the company having previously enjoyed a collation in Guild Row. The success of this reunion of the Norfolk Guards was a most pleasant as well as a really remarkable feature of the day. The company had not had a reunion since 1860, and the surviving members are all well advanced toward the period in life when marching in a public procession could hardly be expected of them. But the call to march in honor of Old Roxbury was irresistible. These veteran citizens promptly assembled, and the association presented a combination of social and business elements seldom seen in one detachment of a local parade. After the procession was dismissed, the association returned to their temporary armory, where most of the members signed the roll. The names, ages, and date of membership when given, are appended:—

Name.	Age.	Date of Membership.
Job T. Grash (charter member)	76	1818
Joseph W. Tucker	75	1823
Abijah W. Goddard	73	1824
Henry Basford	68	
Lewis Plack	72	
Joseph Herman Curtis	70	1823
George B. Davis	72	1824
Edwin Lemist	70	1834
Moses Withington	66	1831
E. G. Scott	66	1830
Reuben Hunting	64	
Francis Freeman	54	
David S. Eaton	68	
Simeon Butt	69	1830
Asa Tyler	62	
Geo. S. Curtis	67	1827
S. A. Jordan	45	
Edward Sumner	66	1834
T. R. W. Humphries	60	
Jonas Fillebrown	72	1824
George W. Rice	61	
I. F. Smith	62	
Willard Warren	52	
Charles M. Jordan	42	
Charles E. Eliot	55	
Charles Erskine	54	
H. R. Eaton	48	
Calvin Young	60	
Andrew W. Newman	63	
John Parker	61	
John H. Brookhouse	60	
James Guild (Past Com.)	65	
Otis S. Pierce	65	
D. C. Bates	60	
Edward F. Meenen	61	
Charles G. Bird	66	
Graham Hall	57	
Wm. Rumrill	62	1834
Daniel E. Page	60	
R. H. Wiswall	69	
John F. Newton	47	
John Dove	62	

Name.	Age.	Date of Membership.
Antipas Newton	59	
Benj. F. Stone	62	
James Robinson	71	1824
Josiah M. Russell	56	
E. B. Rummill	56	
Henry Kellogg	64	
Franklin Williams	53	
James G. Miller	54	
John Culligan		

There were several who accidentally missed the opportunity to sign the roll. The hope is indulged that a permanent association will be one result of the reunion.

Among the members of the Roxbury Artillery Association taking part in the celebration were Past Commander Isaac S. Burrell, the chief marshal; Past Lieutenant Joseph Hastings, who had charge of the police detail; Past Captains Samuel S. Chase, John L. Stanton, Charles G. Davis, J. P. Jordan; Past Lieutenants Josiah Snelling, Obed Rand, Wm. H. McIntosh, Charles H. Blodgett, Wm. C. Capelle, Henry A. Thomas, John T. Robinson, Edwin R. Jenness, Wm. H. Cowdin and Wm. W. Graham. Lieutenant Snelling joined in 1829, and was the oldest member present. Lieutenant Obed Rand served consecutively from 1837 to 1861. General Burrell served from 1840 to 1857. Lieutenant Hastings joined in 1837, Captain Chase in 1838, and Captain Stanton in 1840. Among those who may be classed among the veterans were Benjamin Hawse, 1838; William Ewell, 1840; Atwell Richardson, 1842; William H. McIntosh, 1843; Greenleaf C. George, 1845; George R. Matthews, 1845; William Brock, 1846; George W. Downes, 1840; James Bell, 1848; John A. Scott, 1849; Joseph S. Knower, 1850; Charles H. Blodgett, 1850; Joseph Wiggins, 1842. The Old Roxbury Artillery was organized in 1784; there was a slight break-up in 1796, and a reorganization in 1798, since when there has been no interval of disorganization. In 1858, three years after Governor Gardner had ordered the old foot artillery to be changed to infantry, the Roxbury Artillery, after a long and sharp fight among the members,

abandoned the old name and classification, and became the Roxbury City Guard. The present association was formed in 1868, and is composed of past members of the City Guard and the old Artillery Company. Of those who paraded, eighteen served through the Rebellion with honor. The Roxbury City Guard furnished three companies in the Rebellion, who served out the terms for which they respectively enlisted, namely, three months, one hundred days, and three years. The City Guard were represented on the Chief Marshal's staff by Past Commander Isaac P. Gragg. Among the active members of the Guard who participated were Lieuts. Geo. O. Fillebrown, who was in charge of the ushers at the church; Geo. E. Hall and H. C. Gardner, who were in the ranks.

The time allowed Gen. Sargent to prepare the oration was much too short, and only by a neglect of his private business was he enabled to complete it. Very little had been published of the history of Roxbury before and during the Revolution, and a large part of the data had to be obtained by a personal inspection of old records. A work evidently so laborious could have been performed in so brief a period only by one actuated by the most ardent devotion to the home of his childhood, and a patriotic desire to rescue its history from the obscurity with which it has so long been enveloped in dust-covered manuscripts, and in the passing allusions of historical writers.

Many residents on the line of march displayed the national colors, and otherwise manifested their interest in the occasion. The most notable decoration was by Charles K. Dillaway, Esq., in front of whose residence on Roxbury street was an arch bearing the words: "This house was built in 1750, and for eighty years was the home of the ministers of the First Church."

Among those who made substantial contributions to the success of the celebration were the livery-stable keepers of Roxbury. Mr. Owen Nawn gratuitously furnished the horses for the artillery, and two four-horse barouches for the invited guests; and a barouche was supplied on the same terms by each of the following firms: Benjamin Franklin, Northend & Foster, Parker Bryant, Cassidy Brothers, J. A. Rogers.

The restricting of the admissions to the church to ticket-holders was a double necessity: first, the church would not hold all who

would have liked to be present; second, it was the means of defraying the expenses of the celebration. Every purchaser of a ticket for the banquet received two tickets to the church. The desire to hear the oration was often the means of selling one or more dinner tickets.

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